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True Tales of the American Frontier

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CUSTER CITY JUSTICE

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin – the man who discovered it – makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her –out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time – commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk – and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument – called a Tele-Photo Transmitter – that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody – high or low, ignorant or wise – all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there – standing before him, as real as life – was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There – smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting– stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument – your mental equipment – requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire – called a Photo-Form – then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

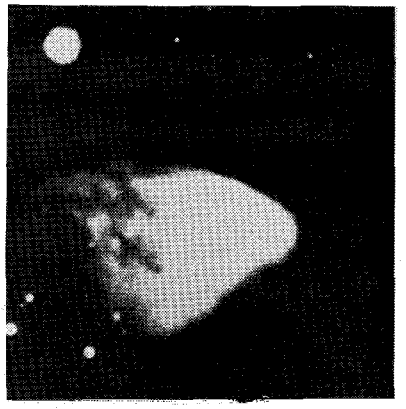
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

S.A. & L. Enterprises, Inc., Dept. E14867
50 Bond Street, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving *in record time—she hugged and kissed him,* explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, *sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says* her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

- The amazing power you now possess
- How to get something for nothing
- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
- You can get rich quickly and easily
- "Instant" money can be yours
- A magic spell that works living miracles
- How this secret can bring you anything you desire
- Help from the invisible world
- How to "Tune In" on the secret thoughts of others
- The greatest love spell of all
- Formula for a happy marriage
- How to dissolve all kinds of evil
- How to win the future of your choice

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REAL WEST

July 1975 No. 140 Vol. 18

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YOUR NERVES CAN CURE THEMSELVES

once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...

If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!

Because they reveal, for the first time, *how your nerves have tricked you* into the following mental symptoms:

constant nervousness and over-irritation... indecision... depression... loss of confidence in yourself and others... feelings of unreality... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart... that your identity is dissolving... or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And—equally as bad—*how your nerves have tricked you* into the following physical symptoms:

chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on...

"missed" heartbeats—"racing" heart—palpitations—or sudden sharp pains under the heart...

sweating hands—or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs...

"churning" stomach... nausea... choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath... tight band of pain around the head..."ready to jump out of your skin"... strange tricks of vision ...weak spells... insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...

hand shaking... panic spasms... knots in your chest... dizziness... difficulty in swallowing... vomiting... *and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!*

And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled... And Then Diminished ...And Then Eliminated—OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE INSIGHT INTO THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!

And that insight is this:

If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you must understand at once that your nerves are not ill... they have not deteriorated... *they have not lost their true physical health in any way!* What has happened to them instead is that they have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED..."rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation... *and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!*

Thus, the depression... indecision... loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach... palpitating heart... never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are—again—all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs...NOT with shock ...NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! *The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous-thoughts that are rubbing them raw!*

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which *stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on!* The second of which *serves to tranquilize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!*

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment), and—instead *—leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!*

And the fourth of which—the great reward—*brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy!* So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: *"The advice given here will definitely cure you, if you only follow it"!*

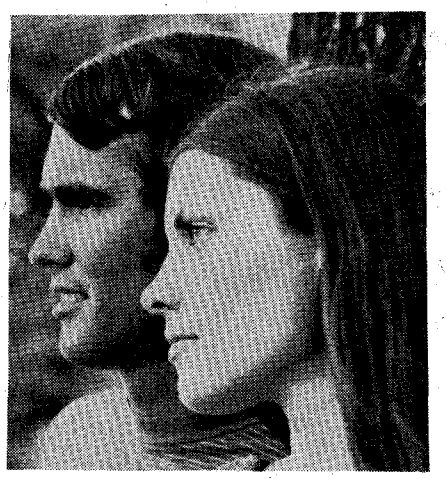
In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms you are now suffering from ...how "deeply entrenched" they are... how long you have been plagued by them... how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! *Here is specific, step-by-immediate-step advice that will* (again to quote directly from the doctor) *"banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body"!*

For example:

The two-minute self-treatment (you perform one ingenious little action with your chest) *that ends sudden panic seizures on the spot*—including all their side effects such as dizziness, pins and needles, involuntary stiffening of the joints, inability to breathe, and all the rest.

That "lump in the throat that won't go away"—



how to banish it in minutes... and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!

Physical weakness—perhaps the most dreaded of all symptoms—and (surprisingly) perhaps *the fastest of all to banish!*

How to deal with the twin monsters of fatigue and guilt! And leave behind emotional exhaustion ...morning depression... thoughts that once raced around and around in your mind without cessation! (And leave them all behind—*for good!*)

Why so many patients who tried these simple techniques *actually came out of their nervous sicknesses as far finer and stronger people than they ever were before!*

How to recover from chronic tension caused by an insoluble problem! The only sane way to overcome it! How to avoid unnecessary suffering, for both yourself and others! And, perhaps, *actually turn your worst defeat into crowning success!*

The surest and most permanent way to cure obsessions!

How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, *that are just waiting to cure you!*

How to bring happiness back into your everyday life! Not by waiting for some great event or reward... *but simply by developing the eyes to see joy in the little things all around you!*

How to beat insomnia! Again, specific, proven step-by-step instructions! Ten different aids that may have you waking up tomorrow morning as fresh as a baby, with eight full hours of blissful sleep replenishing every cell in your body!

And—the final goal: How to develop the kind of nervous control that automatically turns panic off the instant it starts! That frees you forever from "nerve-crutches" such as drugs or alcohol! That lets you pick up your life again from the point where over-sensitized nerves forced you to abandon it, with absolute confidence that you now have the poise and self-possession to accomplish the goals you have always wanted!

No Wonder This Great Self-Help Volume Is Already A Best-Seller In Nine Foreign Nations, As Well As The United States!

The choice is yours. This is a book for people who mean business. It costs you nothing! We take all the risk! Fair enough! Why not send in the coupon—TODAY!

WHAT OTHERS SAY:

"...helped me so much and released me from the particular hell I have been living in since my breakdown six years ago."

"I think of Dr. Weekes with admiration and deep gratitude, as I am sure thousands of other people are doing."

"Looking back now I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."

"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."

"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective—and so simple—I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me.

"The great reassurance you give about the distressing physical symptoms of a disturbed nervous system is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from your book."

"You cannot possibly imagine what a relief it is to be able to view life normally again, instead of fear-panic all the while."

"I cannot describe the emotion I felt to find, at last, someone who really understood the problem, and to hear her say the condition can be cured.... If only this understanding person had the time to take all sufferers under her wing."

"I would like you to know that my nervous condition has so greatly improved through the advice gleaned from your most precious and invaluable book... that all symptoms have now disappeared and I rarely need Librium or sleeping capsules."

"My physician is amazed at my progress and of course I showed him your book which he borrowed and read thoroughly and is now recommending to other patients in like circumstances."

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WHAT THE PUBLISHER SAYS:

HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES *has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in* Reader's Digest. *If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves"—indecision, suggestibility, feeling of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

CAPTION SWITCH

Dear Editor:

I received my copy of REAL WEST containing my article, "The Photograph That Destroyed a Legend" (May 1975 issue). Unfortunately, the "photograph's" caption as published by REAL WEST does not agree completely with the identifications I gave you.

REAL WEST has the standing men accurately identified, but has the identifications of Luke Short and Wyatt Earp reversed. The caption on page 37 reads "Seated on the right is Luke Short. Seated on the left is Wyatt Earp." It should be the opposite.

I trust this error will be corrected in a future issue of REAL WEST. May I ask that particular emphasis be placed on the fact that the error did *not* originate with me. I realize that "imps" get into the works at times, but this photograph is the focal point of the article and is destined to be controversial in any event. Also, I know the loyal readership of REAL WEST will want to make the proper correction in their copies.

Thank you for your kind attention.

Yours sincerely,
George Hart

Editor's Note: This indeed was a technical error on our part. Sorry, George.

FORT McPHERSON REVISITED

Dear Editor,

Here I am again 'nit pickin' about one of Louise Cheney's Forts of the West articles.

Really, with all the research Louise Cheney must have done over the past several years I believe she surely must know the facts concerning the old forts and the units that served there and wonder if it is not someone connected with REAL WEST who is "correcting" her copy.

First of all, when one writes of the Seventh Cavalry it must be presumed that they refer to the Seventh United States Cavalry unless it is specified otherwise. Since the Seventh U.S. Cavalry did not exist until mid-1866 it could not have been a company of that regiment that established Cantonement McKean / Post Cottonwood / Fort Cottonwood / Fort McPherson in 1863. It was, in fact, a unit of the Seventh IOWA Cavalry that established the new post, but it is not until column one, page 10 that the "Seventh Iowa Volunteers" are finally mentioned. Captain O'Brian and Lieutenant Eugene Ware were the officers of the 7th Iowa Cavlary unit at the new post. While these two officers are identified on page 13, their unit is not stated.

Second, throughout Part I of the article on Fort McPherson, the name of the older fort to the east is uniformly spelled erroneously. It was Fort KEARNY, not Kearney as in the article. True, adding the second "e" to the Kearny name is a very common error. As a matter of fact, the founders of the town which grew up across the Platte River committed the error and the name of the city is, in fact, Kearney. The same is true of the town of Kearney, Missouri, which may well have taken its name from one or the other of the Generals Kearny, both of whom served at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The County of Kearny in Kansas spells the name correctly but in the past, Kearny Avenue at Fort Leavenworth was spelled Kearney. There is even a grave marker in the National Cemetery, Fort Leavenworth, for a child of one of the generals that shows the second "E" in the name.

By some strange quirk, the name is spelled correctly when reference is made to For Phil Kearny.

As might be surmised from the photograph on page 13, the old Post Cemetery at Fort McPherson was redesignated as a National Cemetery and it is a very nice little cemetery. I have visited it twice but was not able to find the markers for the old fort until after making inquiry from the superintendent at the cemetery. So far as I could see, nothing else of the old post exists.

Lieutenant Eugene Ware, 7th Iowa Cavalry, promoted captain only a day or two before he was mustered out here at Fort Leavenworth, later returned to Kansas and became a very prominent person in the state. As possibly one of his lesser accomplishments he served as President of the Kansas State Historical Society for some years. He and his wife are buried in a very prominent place in National Cemetery No. 1, Fort Scott, Kansas. He authored a book recounting his experiences in the Indian Wars while stationed at Fort McPherson. Perhaps, unfortunately, he was one of the many who believed "all good Indians are dead Indians" and his writings were greatly slanted in that direction.

Again I repeat, I feel that Louise Cheney undoubtedly knows the correct spelling for Fort Kearny and that some "helpful" person at the magazine added the extra "e" to the name.

Very truly yours,
Orville W. Brown
519 Klemp St.
Leavenworth, Kansas 66048

TRUTH ABOUT THE BENDERS

Dear Sir:

I have a copy of the Nov. 1973 issue of your interesting magazine. In this issue a reader, V. Kolchek, of Lawton, Oklahoma, sought data regarding the notorious Bender family of Cherryvale, Kansas. The reply of Thomas Frazier contains some inaccuracies. And he states: "No factual account of their capture exists."

Well, the Benders did not have a store, for one thing, but they did serve meals to travelers, and later murdered many of them. But they did not kill any of the local people. They were too smart for that. Their last murder, that of a Dr. York, and his little girl, about ten, set in motion an aroused citizenry, and a posse was formed.

I know the story of the Benders from old Charlie Fait, who, as a young lad, about 14, was a member of the posse that killed 3 of this wicked family. They had not intended to have a mere boy with them, but he joined up anyway. When the job was finished, all the members took an oath that they would never, so long as any of them lived, reveal anything of what happened that spring day in 1872. I knew Charlie Fait well. He was then an old man, well into his 80's. I was trying to do some writing, and he, hoping to sell the story for a little money, agreed to give it to me, on a 50-50 basis. Well, I tried to sell the story, with little luck. A few years passed. Charlie died, and so did Mrs. Fait. At last an agent, Alex Jackinson of New York, said he had placed

(continued on page 51)

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GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE!

HERE ARE OVER 100 READY-TO-USE MYSTIC CHANTS FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

Simply choose anything you desire, and in a moment you'll find the special Chant for attracting riches...protecting yourself against sickness...securing a new car, beautiful home, your own business...winning happiness and love...reading the thoughts of others ...and much more! For example:

These words could bring you a vast fortune . . *more riches* than you ever dreamed of:

"D—— J—— W— N— T—— I- M- L—."

It happened to a person in desperate need of cash, who was told there were "powerful forces" working against him. Then he spoke the above Mystic Chant for attracting riches. Within the hour, he was awarded $150,000!

By using the same Chant, you too may attract a fortune, a new car, a house in the country, stylish clothes. You simply take any amount you can believe in, from $10,000 to a million dollars, and *say this Mystic Chant!*

What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

How do they bring riches, luxury, comfort, world travel to your doorstep? How do they solve your money problems? To see for yourself, just fill out and mail the No Risk Coupon.

Your Questions About Mystic Chants Answered

Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y– k— I l— y–." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract $150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n– p—— u——— l—." Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n– b—— t– m— o- p— h— p——." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, *her symptoms decreased.* See pages 31-33.

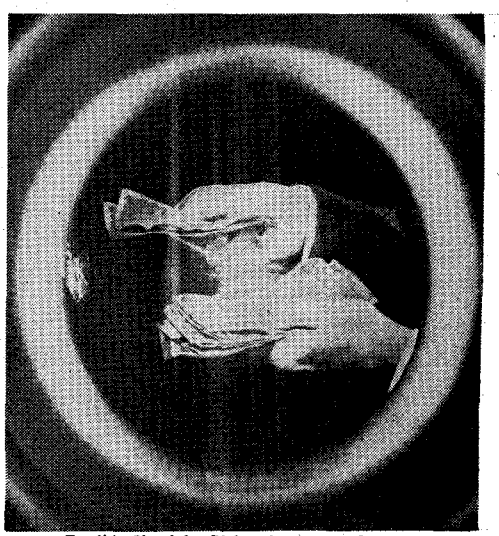
CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o– w— c—— p—— a– c– s—— a– p——" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more *money than she had ever dreamed possible!* Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n– i—— m- m— a– b— c—— w— t– p—— p—— o- r—— g— h——" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w— t– s– o- o– t—— d—— s- I c– p– t– s——." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant. The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

Finding lost relatives . . . Making a fortune in the stock market . . . Treating migraine headaches . . . Becoming a famous writer . . . Beauty . . . Getting a beautiful wife . . . Projecting your astral self to distant places . . . Achieving success in your own business . . . or anything else!

However, you need the entire word—the entire sentence—the entire Mystic Chant to accomplish your dreams!

That's why we are making available to you this wonderful book called Mind Cosmology, that gives you every Chant, for a 30-day No-Risk Examination.

When you receive the book, start saying the Mystic Chant for what you want in life—be it love, riches, happiness, *whatever!*

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A FAIR EXCHANGE

By Rex Bundy

Three of the Piegan warriors involved in the raid. Upper left: Stabs - By - Mistake; third from left: Eagle Child; lower man is Black Bull.

An authentic account of the way two arms dealers consummated a deal with the Bear Band of the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfoot Confederacy. How the number of wolf pelts and buffalo robes were decided, when and where the rifles would be delivered, and how much would be the final profit, all are detailed in this fascinating article.

A warm October sun had scoured the last traces of the two-day snow from the south slopes of the ridges, although the north slopes still held enough for tracking. Twenty - eight warriors of the Bear Band of The Pikuni (Piegan) tribe of the Blackfoot Confederacy were grouped around a fat buffalo cow they had killed for their evening meal. It was unusual for a war party to be taking the field this late in the season, but the Pikuni had no choice. Crow Indian raiders had stampeded a large number of their horse herd and they were hot on the trail of the thieves.

Far in advance, two scouts were following the route taken by the Crows. Reaching a far ridge, they whirled their horses and raced back to the main party, whipping their ponies at every stride.

"The 'walk-a-lots' (infantry soldiers) are moving on the other side of the ridge," one of them shouted. "We can attack them, as they are strung out across the flat."

"But the 'walk-a-lots' are all on horses this time going southwest. They are not going to Many - Tepees (Fort Benton) and there are more of them than in our party. All are armed with 'many - shooters' (Spencer rifles) and I do not think it wise to bother them" added the older of the scouts, Stabs - By - Mistake.

Running Crane, leader of the war party, said, "We will go to the ridge and watch. It may be we can pick off some stragglers and obtain their 'many - shooters.' Take as much of the meat as we will need for tonight and morning, and we will see what happens."

He then turned to the young scout who had shouted the news and said quietly, "Talking Otter, you are a young warrior. You have only one deed of renown and it is not your place to suggest anything, or to say anything until such time you have earned the right."

The older scout, Stabs - By - Mistake, having flogged his pony back to the ridge, returned and informed Running Crane that the soldiers had discovered the trail left by the Crows and a small detachment had taken off on the trail. This meant the Pikuni would have to stay out of sight until the soldiers' scouting party returned. This caused considerable debate until settled by Running Crane. He sent Talking Otter and five other warriors back to obtain more of the buffalo meat, while the rest of the party proceeded to the ridge.

From the ridge it became apparent that the small detachment of soldiers did not proceed far on the Crow's

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trail before turning back to the main party which was conveying a number of wagons.

"I wonder what is in the 'roll - alongs' (wagons)?" asked Bobtail Bear. "It must be something important, as there are a large number of soldiers."

"It is known the Long Knives (Americans) moved some of their people from the fort at the Yellow (Judith) River to The Other Side Bear (Musselshell) River and made camp there since the Green Grass Moon. None of the 'walk - on - the - water' (steamboats) went up the Big (Missouri) River to Many - Tepees (Fort Benton) due to not having enough water to walk on. So this must be supplies for the fort near the Crazy Woman Mountains (Fort Ellis)," remarked Running Crane. "If so," he continued, "then there are many things and many 'many shooters' to be stolen from the Long Knives if we are careful. We can let the Crow thieves go, as we cannot catch them before they reach the Elk (Yellowstone) River. Once they are across the Elk they are in their own lands, and we do not dare go there except in force. You will note how the soldiers straggle along, and it should be easy to pick up some 'many shooters' if we are careful. This is what we will do. We will stay out of their sight and travel the same course, except parallel to them. You young men will have the chance to prove your worth as 'wolves' (scouts). But if we do not obtain anything in four suns, then we will go north and east and steal horses from the Cutthroats (assiniboine)."

Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection.

Running Crane, also known as Running Crow — leader of the war party of Piegans.

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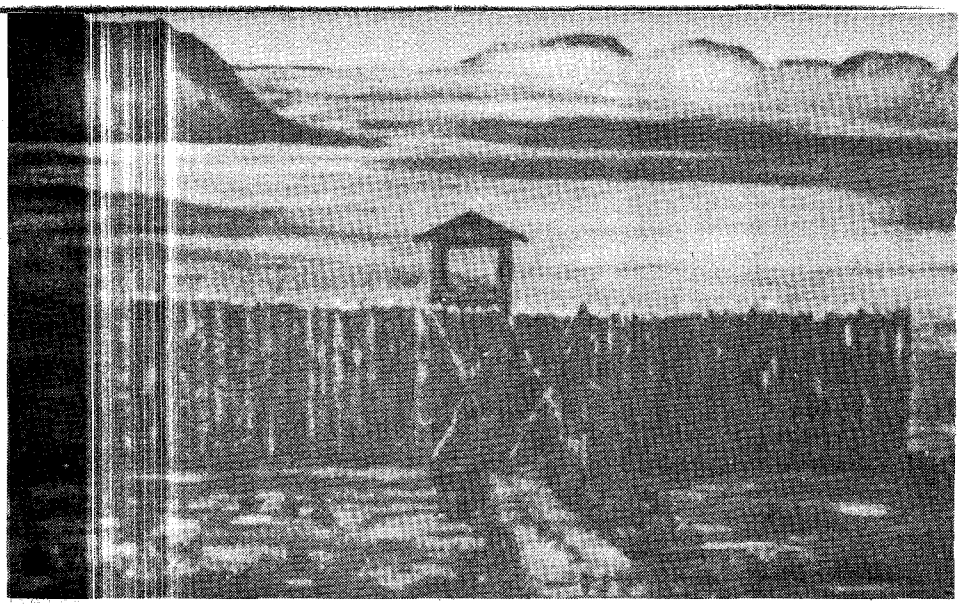


Pikuni Post from an oil painting by Marian Bundy - with permission (1866 - 1869)

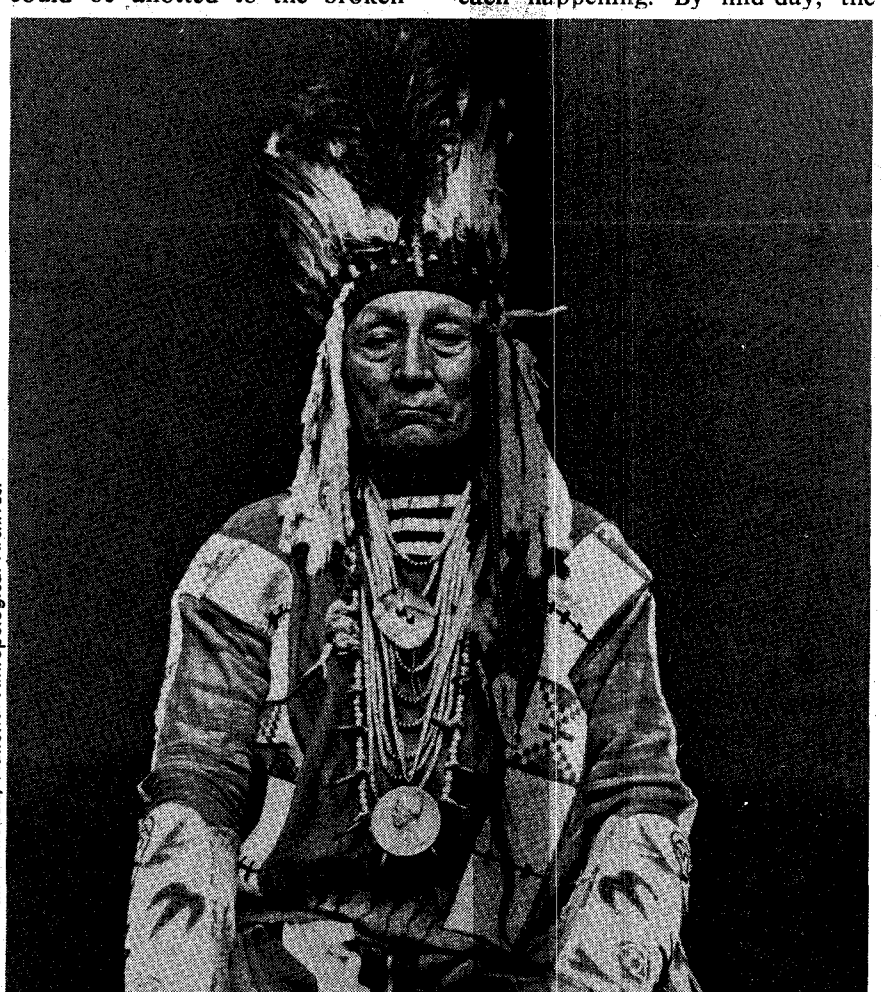
For two days the war party paralleled the course of the Army convoy, keeping them under close scrutiny day and night. On the morning of the third day, Stabs - By - Mistake rode into camp just after sunrise with an announcement.

"The Long Knives got an early start but one of the 'roll - alongs' broke a leg. They are now trying to fix it."

In the group of soldiers gathered around the broken - down wagon, Sergeant Baine was expressing his opinion of the quartermaster at Camp Reeves in no uncertain terms. Sergeant Baine had told the quartermaster that the obsolete wagon given them would not last the trip to Camp Ellis, and the fact he had been right was no consolation. He had also protested in regard to the cargo carried by the old wagon, but had been overruled by Captain Nugent.

All the wagons were heavily loaded with the supplies that had accumulated at Camp Reeves, having been brought there by Missouri River steamboats. There was no way additional cargo could be added to them, and no extra horses or mules could be allotted to the broken - wheeled wagon. As a last resort, a log was lashed to the wagon bed to support the axle, but the six - mule team could not keep up with the rest of the convoy, and finally the axle itself broke, adding to the confusion.

All this was under the careful scrutiny of the Pikuni scouts, and word was relayed to the main body of each happening. By mid-day, the mules that had been allocated to dragging the wagon were exhausted even though teams had been changed frequently. It is not known, however, what orders were given in this emergency, but on that afternoon the wagon was left in the brush bordering a stream, with a guard of seven soldiers, while the rest of the convoy proceeded. One soldier was dispatched on the convoy's back trail, evidently with a message to Camp Reeves — he never arrived.



Smithsonian Institution, National Athropological Archives.

Curly Bear, renowned Piegan warrior, wearing the Piegan war bonnett.

When the news was brought to Running Crane, he said, "We stay and watch the broken - legged 'roll - along.' Curly Bear and Fox Robe will scout the Long Knives that have gone on. They will keep in close touch with them and see what they are going to do. If any turn back, someone will come with word for us. Now make camp and eat, because if none of the Long Knives return, we will find out what is in that 'roll - along' at first light. Bobtail Bear and his warriors will take care of the lone soldier."

Bobtail Bear and his warriors returned late that afternoon with the lone soldier's scalp and all his accouterments. He also brought the news that no soldiers were on their back trail. But it was after midnight when the two scouts, Curly Bear and Fox Robe, returned with the news that the other Long Knives had gone into camp fifteen miles to the southwest and all were asleep. No one had been sent to relieve or reinforce the seven soldiers at the hidden wagon.

False dawn had not tinged the sky when the Pikuni warriors were positioned in the brush surrounding the soldiers' camp. One soldier, evidently the guard, was wrapped in a blanket near the fire, asleep!

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Although the fire was low, it still cast enough light for the darkness - acclimated eyes of the Pikuni. Seven ghostly forms slipped through the brush with the ease of woodsmoke, silently but deadly. None of the seven soldiers woke from their earthly sleep.

"Here are seven of the 'many - shooters,' " exulted Curly Bear, whose powerful bow had driven an arrow through the throat of the sleeping guard. The other Pikuni were busily stripping the soldiers of their uniforms, side arms and cartridge belts.

"We will wait first light," said Running Crane, "then we will see what is in the broken - legged 'roll - along.' You, Fox Robe, get the other warriors and bring all the horses, then take five men and ride down the trail of the Long Knives so they cannot surprise us."

"We should have scouts towards the Big (Missouri) River as there may be more Long Knives coming with more 'roll - alongs,' " said Curly Bear. And at first light, seven warriors were dispatched to watch the back trail while the rest of the party started unloading the wagon. To their great delight and astonishment, the wagon contained ten crates of new Spencer rifles. More delightful were the cases upon cases of ammunition for the rifles.

Each crate contained fourteen rifles, and when the first was broken open, the Pikuni stood dumbfounded at their great fortune. But it was then they discovered that each rifle was branded on the stock with the letters "U.S." enclosed in a circle. This brand was burned into the stock and then painted with yellow paint to make it more conspicuous. The Pikuni were well aware of the use of markings to denote individual ownership, and had also seen this same brand on many of the horses and mules they had stolen from the Army. So even if the brand was cut or scraped from the rifle, it would remain clear this had been done, and there would be trouble passing the rifles off as their own.

A council was held on the spot. Many argued for taking the rifles and removing the brand as best they could. Others, more level - headed, pointed out the dangers inherent in such a scheme and cautioned the more eager members. Eventually the matter arose as to how to make use of this great treasure that had fallen to them, and it was suggested the matter be taken up with a white man who had married into the Pikuni tribe and now had a trading post on the Big Dry. So it was decided that a deputation would go to the post and return with the trader, as it was possible he would have a solution to their problem.

Black - Calf - Man, Curly Bear, Spotted White Wolf and Stabs - By - Mistake were delegated to go to the post and return with the trader, Grows - Another - Hand, as he was called by the Pikuni. They were told to bring him to Sleeping Blood Creek and the rest of the party would meet them at that spot.

The mid - morning watch at Pikuni Post on the Big Dry shouted to the loungers within the walls that four Indians were busting down the brush, coming from the west. Everyone scrambled to the catwalk while C.P. Hubbard (Grows - Another - Hand) was notified of their coming.

An uneasiness fell on the watchers as they feared that the four Indians might be survivors of some raid and that a large war party was following them although still out of sight. So Hubbard went to the watchtower with a spyglass and after studying the hard - riding four, called down that they were all friends of his from the Bear Band of the Pikuni (Piegan) and for the men to open the gate.

The four Indians arrived on wind - broken horses. Even before they arrived, their far - sounding shouts of "Grows - Another - Hand" had reached the ears of the post members, and Hubbard met them at the gate.

The four did not want to stop, even to eat, so great was their excitement. They insisted Hubbard accompany them immediately as they had "many - things - to - trade" but could not bring them to the post.

Seldom did Indians show such a flurry of excitement, and this aroused Hubbard's curiosity as to what they may have come across in their travels that would cause such a state. Ordering the four to be fed, Hubbard went to collect his gear and to talk things over with his partner, Harry Rush. He then explained to his Pikuni wife, Fawn, where he was going and with whom. Fawn was the daughter of Running Crane who was, at times, also known as Running Crow, so she had no worries about her white husband's safety and reminded him to greet her father for her.

The four Indians had eaten and were anxious to be on their way. They were supplied with fresh horses from the post's horse herd and departed as they had come — at full speed accompanied by their friend, Grows - Another - Hand. They rode hard, well into the night, then rested a few hours on the banks of the Other - Side - Bear (Musselshell) River, and daylight found them riding as rapidly as their horses would take them directly towards the Yellow (Judith) Mountains. And the sun was low when the five men arrived at Sleeping Blood Creek — exhausted and with staggering horses. A Pikuni (Piegan) scout led them to the war party.

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Mountain Chief in later life.

Running Crane and the remainder of the war party had built a war - fort. This was a necessary adjunct for the protection of any Piegan war party that planned on remaining more than two days in one location. Constructed in thick timber, it utilized the natural growth supplemented by down timber and brush in the interstices. A lengthy, low and crooked entry was constructed of down logs and dead timber, forcing anyone entering to do so on hands and knees, thus making it easily defended except against fire.

Hubbard was hustled into the presence of Running Crane. As he regained his feet and looked around the interior, he discovered various Indians wearing portions of Army uniforms, but he made no comment as this would have been, perhaps, unhealthy for him even though his father - in - law was the war party's leader.

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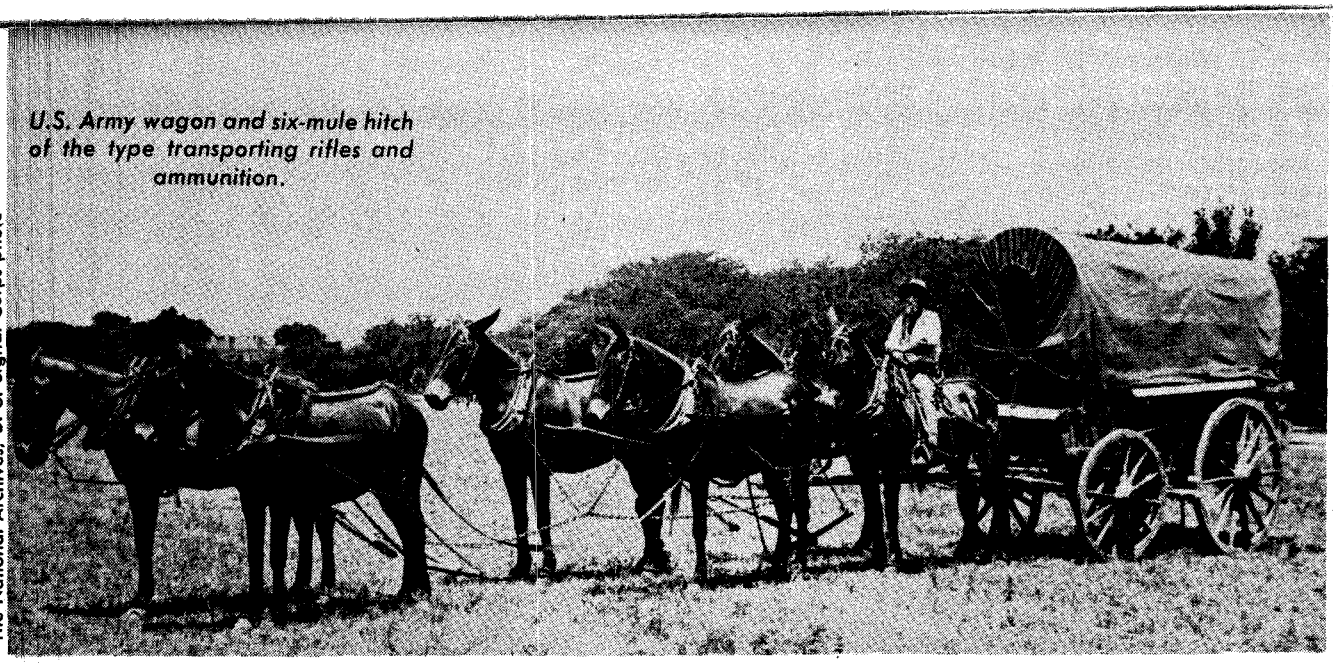

U.S. Army wagon and six-mule hitch of the type transporting rifles and ammunition.

The National Archives, U. S. Signal Corps photo

"My son, Grows-Another-Hand, we Pikuni (Piegan) know you talk with a straight tongue and that you are a member of the Bear Band of the Pikuni (Piegan). We also know you are a trader and we have a problem that none of us can solve, and only a white man can find the answer. We are trusting you to do this for your brothers, the Pikuni (Piegan)."

After this greeting, Running Crane stepped to the rear of the war-fort and whipped a buffalo robe from a pile of articles. Hubbard gasped. There was an enormous pile of rifles lying there.

"My father," he addressed Running Crane, "where did you obtain all the 'many-shooters?' Surely you did not kill that many long Knives!"

"No, we killed only eight Long Knives, and these were in a broken-legged 'roll-along' they had tried to hide from the Pikuni," replied Running Crane. He then went on to explain exactly what had happened.

After Running Crane had given his description of how the rifles were obtained, there occurred another excited outcry by some of the younger men to the effect they should be given their rifles and leave immediately for their village on the Bear (Marias) River. Their outcries and demands were ignored by the older warriors who insisted that Grows-Another-Hand would solve their problem. It was up to Hubbard to come up with a solution or lose the band's trade and, perhaps, his life as well. And even though Hubbard was exhausted, his sleep that night was disturbed by the arguing of the Indians, plus the thoughts of retribution should he meddle in this undertaking, but the thoughts of the profits to be derived far outweighed all else.

Faint streaks of dawn's light fingered through the holes in the war-fort when Running Crane woke Hubbard with this question.

"You have, my son, decided what must be done with the 'many-shooters?' "

"It will require more planning, my father," replied Hubbard, "but I think I have a solution to your problem. We will take all the 'many-shooters' and their 'voices' (cartridges) to Pikuni Post. There we will hide the 'voices,' and in the land of the Redcoats, across the Medicine Line, we will trade these 'many-shooters' for others that are not marked and bring those back to Pikuni Post. Of course, we will have to have an escort of warriors so this treasure will not be lost."

Hubbard went on to say that when this had been accomplished, he would give each warrior of the war party two of the 'many-shooters.' One was for their own use and one they could, no doubt, use for trading purposes within their tribe. He would store, and hide, the 'voices' at his trading post on the Big Dry and would trade 100 "voices" for two head and tail robes to all who came for them.

A great commotion greeted his words. Many of the younger men called him a thief, and for a time it was doubtful as to whether Hubbard would leave the war-fort alive. But the older, cooler heads saw the wisdom of his proposition. They realized that the minute the loss was discovered, any Indian carrying a Spencer rifle, either with the mark or with a stock that showed tampering, would be hung by the Army. And in the face of the opposition by the older warriors, the younger men, to save face, insisted they be chosen as the escort.

Then of the warriors were selected by the council, and Hubbard was fortunate enough to persuade five of his friends, Black-Calf-Man, Bobtail Bear, Eagle Child, Stabs-By-Mistake and Black Bull to accompany him. All of these were warriors of note in the Bear Band even though none were over the age of twenty winters. Another who was added to the escort was young Mountain Chief, who had seen but nineteen winters, and although he was not a member of the Bear Band, he had been visiting them at the time the Absaroka (Crow) raided the Piegan horse herd and had volunteered to accompany the party that gave chase.

"One thing more, my father," Hubbard requested, "all the various parts of uniforms of the Long Knife soldiers must be burned, and immediately."

He also added that anything of metal would have to be buried and all trace of the burial be eliminated because the soldiers would be looking for such things when a search was instigated for the rifles, and a search most certainly would be started as soon as the news became known of the loss. This was agreed to by Running Crane and the council and immediately put into effect. The combustible material was burned, while all metal that could be identified as Army property was taken to a nearby cutbank. A hole was dug and things such as belts, buckles, canteens, etc., were buried and the edge of the cutbank collapsed, which covered everything under six to eight feet of earth.

The escort party was assembled and the rifles and ammunition was packed haphazardly on horses, much against Hubbard's complaints. He insisted on night travel to avoid any Army patrols or parties of hostile Indians, and so he wanted everything to be packed securely. Most of the es-

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cort did not think too highly of night travel, as the rifles they had obtained gave them an arrogance all out of proportion to their ability to use their new weapon in an effective manner. Each one insisted he carry one of the new rifles, although each was given to understand they would have to surrender these as soon as they reached Canada.

Once again Running Crane and the council had to settle matters, and everything was done as Hubbard requested. That evening, he and his escort started for the Pikuni Trading Post. They made use of the six mules the Indians had acquired at the time they obtained the rifles, plus additional horses loaned by the remainder of the war party for the surplus rifles and ammunition that could not be packed on the mules.

The first night was miserable. The packs loosened and Hubbard could get no help from his warrior escort, with the exception of his friends and young Mountain Chief. The others were scornful of what they termed "squaw work" and refused to help until Hubbard deliberately let one pack of rifles come loose and scatter along their back trail. This convinced even the most haughty warrior that the packs should be watched with an eagle eye and tightened when they showed signs of coming loose.

The following morning, when the first faint light of dawn appeared, they were near the Other-Side-Bear (Musselshell) River. Hubbard posted guards on conspicuous points and proceeded to instruct the escort in the use of the "many-shooter" but not before the scouts brought word that nothing human was stirring as far as they could see. Many of the warriors, after receiving a scant lecture on the use of the rifle, caught up on their sleep although guards were changed at regular intervals.

Late that afternoon, Hubbard sent scouts ranging far and wide. He wanted to cross the Musselshell in daylight because of the trouble experienced the night previously. He did not want to risk losing any of the rifles or ammunition by making a night crossing. Everything went smoothly, however, and they traveled through a moonless night and went into camp at daybreak within hard riding distance of Sweet Pine (Black) Butte. At this camp, Hubbard told his party that he was going on to the post for fresh horses and his friend, Harry Rush, who would take them to the "Queen's Land," and that two suns from then, they would meet them at Iswatoyis (Black Butte).

Hubbard left immediately for the Pikuni Post where he acquainted his partner, Harry Rush, with what had occurred and why the Piegan were so anxious for him to meet them. Rush was astonished at their good luck and immediately made plans to transport the rifles to Canada, where they could be traded for other rifles.

"Hell, C. P., I won't be able to take any of our Cree helpers, not with those Piegans in the party, as they would kill each other off before we reached the Missouri. We're gonna have to figure out something that will offset their hereditary hatred, and the only thing I can think of is to take my wife, White - Water - Woman, who is a Cree, and also have Fawn, your Piegan wife, go as well as all the other women possible. That way it will not look like a war party, not with women along."

"I guess that's the only way around things, and Fawn, being Running Crane's daughter, will help control the Piegan warriors — I hope." replied Hubbard.

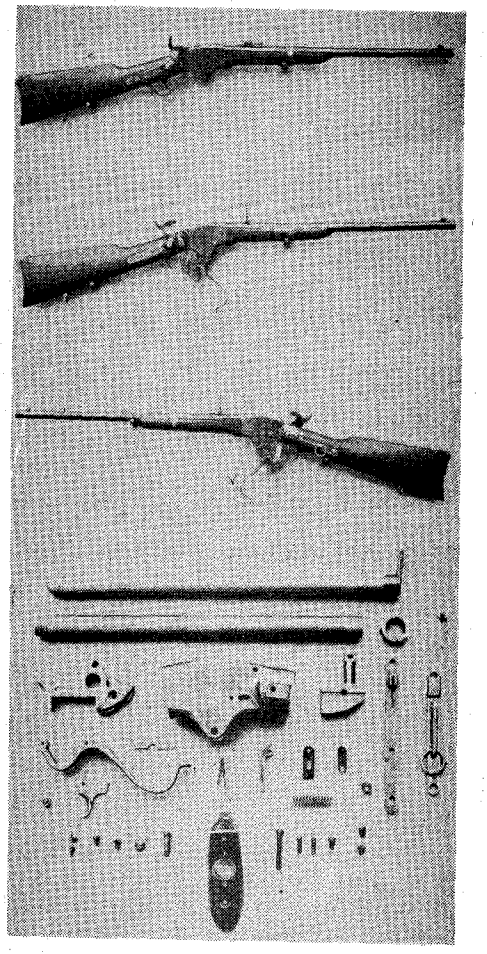
So the party was formed and worked through the night, getting ready. Before daylight the next morning, they were on the trail heading for the rendezvous with the Piegan warriors at Black Butte.

The meeting between the Piegans and the Cree was hectic. Not until Fawn and Hubbard explained the reason for the Crees being present were the Piegans mollified. It was also pointed out to them they would have to work together if the Piegans were to receive rifles that would cause them trouble with the Long Knives. Finally order was restored and the combined forces went into camp. It was then Fawn suggested that travois be made to transport the rifles, plus the lodge covers and other accouterments required by an Indian camp on the move. The boxes of rifles were thus camouflaged by wrapping them in lodge skins and they were undetectable, although when packed on horses they were very conspicuous.

With the help of the Piegans, Hubbard packed the ammunition for the trip to Pikuni Post. Two young Crees were to go with him as helpers. They, of course, knew nothing of the contents of the packs. And when all was in readiness, the two parties went their separate ways, Hubbard to Pikuni Post, Rush and his much larger party due north for the Big (Missouri) River.

Rush's party proceeded in as normal a manner as possible to look like an ordinary Indian camp on the move. They stopped to kill game, although a close observer would have noticed no drying frames for meat being erected as would have been normal.

The National Archives, Chief of Ordnance, photo



Spencer rifle of the type taken by the Piegans — 1867.

Traveling this way took Rush's party three days to reach the Big (Missouri) River. Unable to take the chance at a known fording spot, they were forced to make a crossing below Cow Island. They rafted the rifles, food and lodge covers over while scouts watched up river and down, forward on their trail and on their back trail. Everything went smoothly regardless of the deep water, steep banks and ice that had formed on both edges of the river. By early afternoon all was completed; the packs were reloaded and the party traveled as fast as possible through the rough breaks north of the river and spent the night in camp on the northern edge of the Missouri River breaks. And next morning they were riding hard for the Little (Milk) River. A day later, they crossed the Milk at dusk and went into camp. Later that night one of the scouts came in with word that a Cutthroat (Assiniboine) encampment lay in their path.

(continued on page 53)

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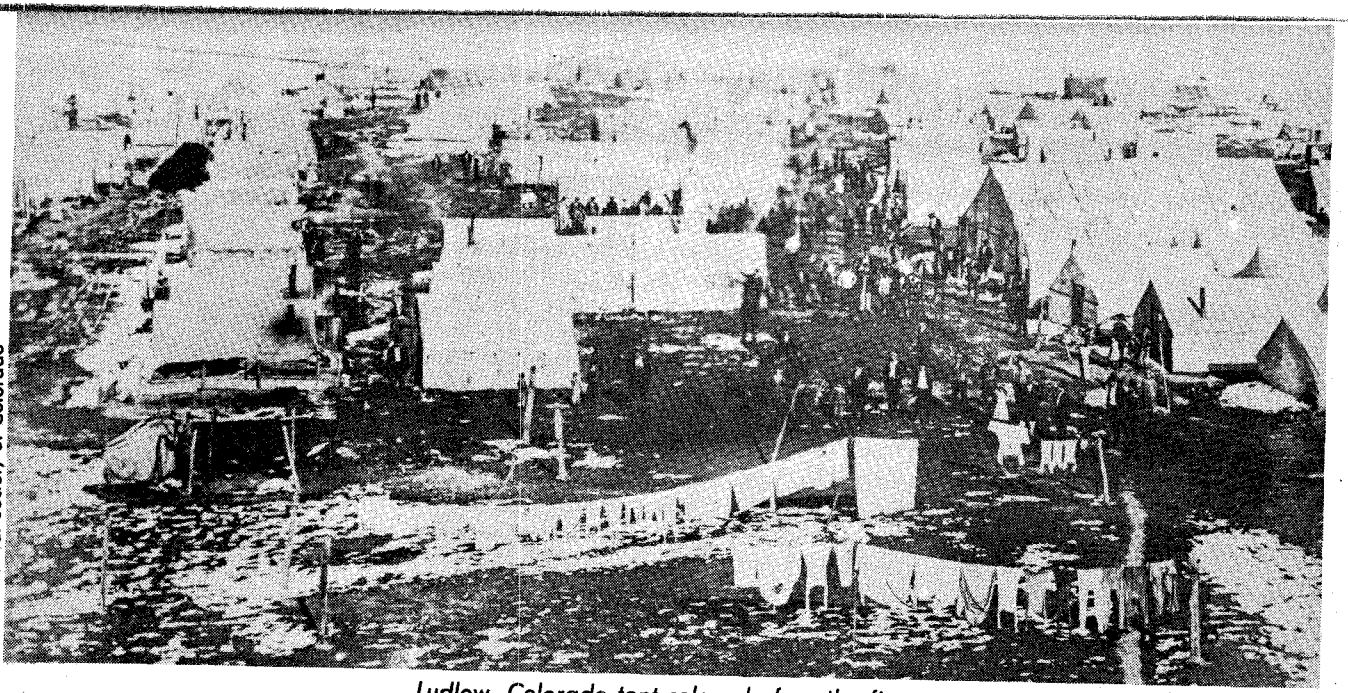
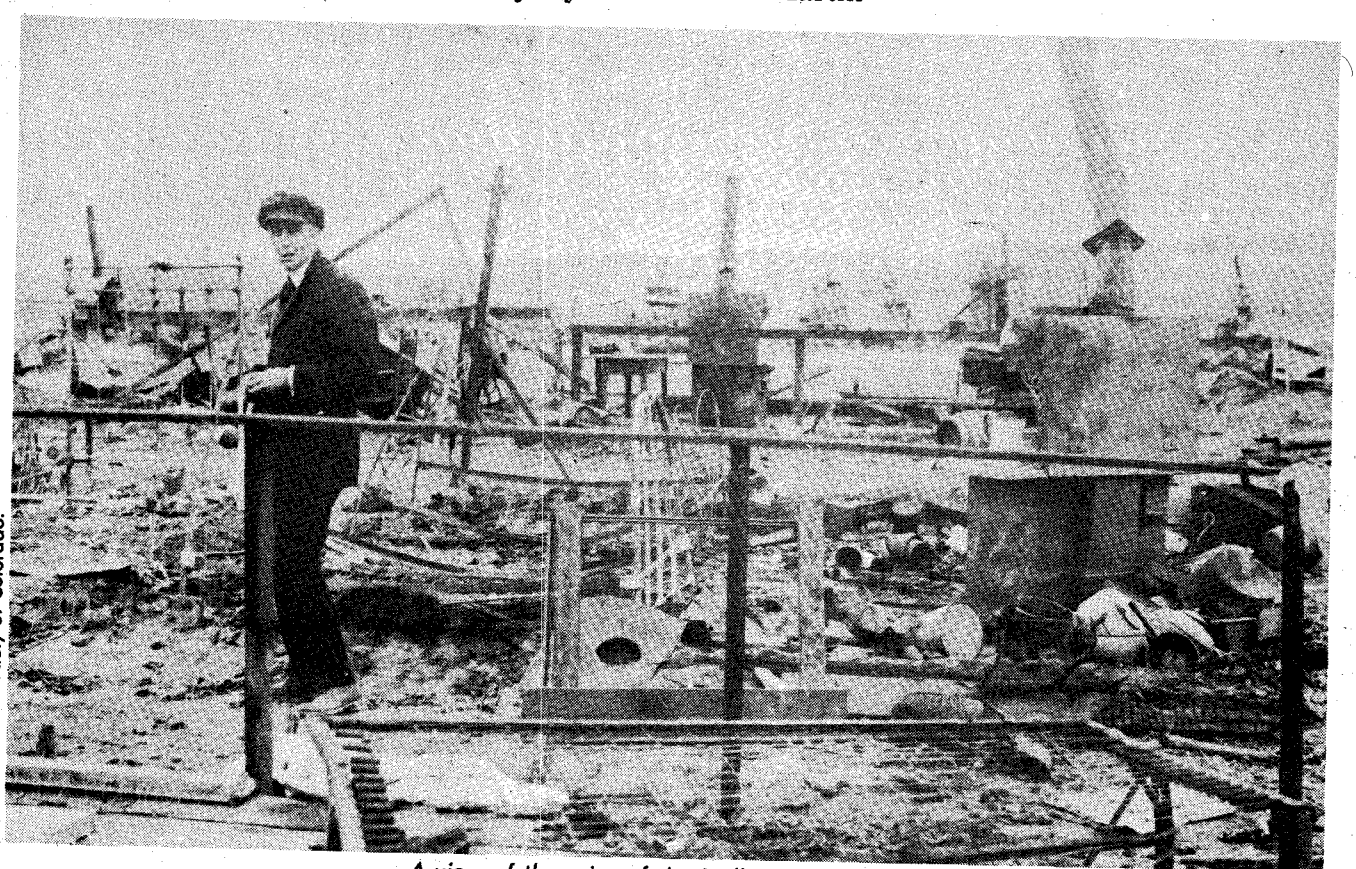


State Historical Society of Colorado

Ludlow, Colorado tent colony before the fire.

MASSACRE OF LUDLOW SIDING

By Cy and Jeannie Martin



State Historical Society of Colorado.

A view of the ruins of the Ludlow tent colony.

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The labor unions today play a significant role in our country's economic life. It was not always that way. Consider the life of a Colorado coal miner back in the early 1900's. There were company police, company spies, and instant punishment for malcontents and troublemakers. But the slaughter was yet to come.

In 1913 the State of Colorado was at its coal - producing peak with over 13,000 men digging the bituminous along the eastern slope of the Rockies. Most of the 12 million tons per year came from the southern fields located between the towns of Walsenburg and Trinidad. Here the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company ruled 9,000 miners with a steel fist. Company officials seemed paternalistic on first appearance, but they regulated the lives of the miners with company-owned housing, stores and carefully controlled working conditions and wages.

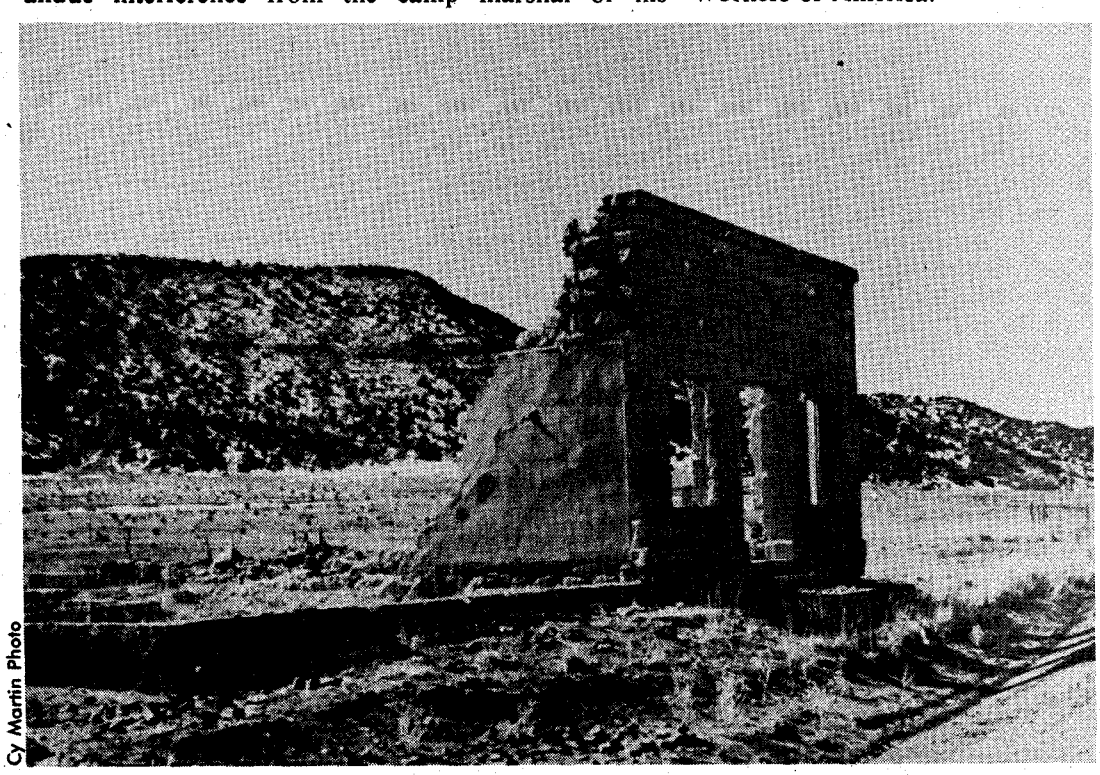
On September 23, 1913 the miners went out on strike against the oppressive conditions which prevailed. They wanted to trade where they pleased, as well as have their own men check the ton weights on their coal production. Both of these points were important since the "Company Store" charged whatever the traffic would bear and the miners were paid by the tons of coal actually mined. They also wanted better pay, shorter hours and recognition for their union; for they worked 12 hours a day, 6 days a week for about $1.70 a day.

What they got was a massacre.

The single men lived in drafty, company-owned boarding houses, and those with families lived in company-owned, barren little houses that reared their weather-beaten boards above piles of ashes and tin cans. Public roads ran through the mining area, but at the approach to each mining camp a guarded gate and a sign — "Private Property - Keep Out" — barred the way. The armed guards who were employed by the coal company and deputized by the sheriff of the county watched over these gates and kept order in the camps. The term "to keep order" had an interpretation all its own in the coal camps. Men could get as drunk as they pleased in a company saloon, carouse about with the daughters of joy in a company brothel, and brawl with fists or knives without undue interference from the camp marshal or his deputies.

It was only when some stranger made his way into camp, or when the miners found fault with their way of life that the guard - marshal's brand of order was rigidly enforced. Fault - finders, individually or collectively, were not tolerated in these closed company camps. Intruders and malcontents were ferreted out by an intricate espionage system and treated to the "kangaroo," the local term for a thoroughly professional beating by the guards. Each guard - marshal was responsible only to the company superintendent, the all - powerful local agent of the owners, executive officers and directors of the wealthy, far-flung C.F. & I corporation of the Rockefellers. Both superintendents and guard - marshals encouraged racial dislikes, prejudices and animosities on the theory that the more the men were divided against themselves, the less likely they were to exchange ideas and discuss their grievances

Below the closed or privately owned camps, where the narrow mountain canyons emptied out into broad valleys and rolling prairied country of Colorado, lay the so-called open towns, the business centers of the coal fields. These towns, with their railroad spurs reaching up to the mining camps, were theoretically free from corporation control, but in actual practice they, too, were subject to the whims of the owners and their agents. One such town was Walsenburg, a city of 4,000 in the heart of the southern coal field, when John R. Lawson, international organizer for the United Mine Workers of America arrived. A man of thirty, Lawson gave an immediate impression of great strength with his broad shoulders, slim waist, and springy step. Lawson had moved west from his native Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania where he started working in a coal mine as a breaker boy at the age of eight. He found neither better pay nor steadier work out west, and the disappointments led him to join the United Mine Workers of America.



Cy Martin Photo

The ruins of Baca's Saloon and Store at Ludlow, February, 1973.

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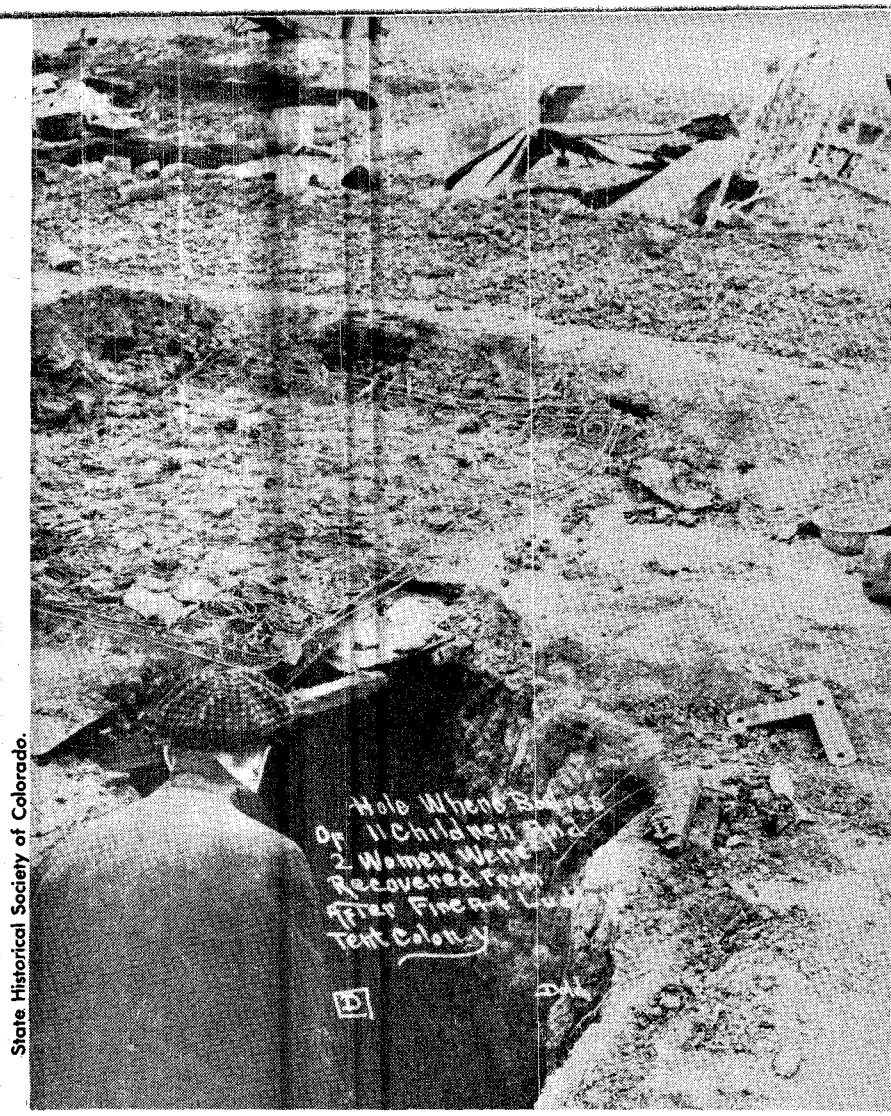

State Historical Society of Colorado.

The death pit where the bodies of women and children were found after the fire.

Walsenburg, the county seat of Huerfano County, was similar in appearance to many other small towns in the western United States. The business section consisted of a long thoroughfare appropriately named Main Street; it was lined with the usual general stores, blacksmith shops, livery stables, hardware store, and overgenerous collection of saloons. The people were typical of those in mining and industrial sections of Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia: a hard lot, warped by poverty, ignorance and unending toil in the gaseous, dust-filled coal mines. Walsenburg's distinction, and one also shared by Trinidad, was found in its politics. The Huerfano County courthouse, an ugly, gray stone building of uncertain architecture, was little more than a branch of the office of the C.F.&I. Yet citizens who held such an opinion seldom voiced it in more than a whisper. The political boss and major - domo for the C.F.&I. Co. was Sheriff Jefferson Farr, a squinty - eyed, red-faced Texan who was best described as an "animated beer barrel."

According to his own viewpoint, Jeff Farr was a pretty decent citizen. He had the 100 % bigoted American's contempt for uneducated foreigners and a respect akin to reverence for C. F. & I. Jeff saw the vices of the workers, their brutality and baseness, but he never bothered about their redeeming qualities nor wondered if the eastern barons might be responsible for the living conditions of the miners and their families. Jeff's philosophy was built around the belief that "coal has got to be dug and by God somebody has got to dig it." Jeff's few admirers saw in him a stalwart personification of law and order, but his enemies, who were far more numerous than his friends, saw only evil. The more charitable ones called him Czar Farr, and his county was the "Kingdom of Huerfano." If a butcher, grocer or dairyman questioned Farr's authority or voted any but straight Republican ticket, the offender went to jail on some trumped up charge, and woe to the doctor or lawyer who failed to follow Jeff's lead. When a man was tried in District Court, Jeff sat near the jury box and signalled its occupants with a thumb up for freedom or a thumb down for conviction. And woe to the juryman who failed to understand or obey these hand signals.

With Jeff Farr on the job, Lawson faced a difficult task in Walsenburg, for it was his job to organize the miners into union locals as quickly and quietly as possible. Others before him tried and failed, and some predecessors were broken in body and spirit before being driven from the county. Still others were murdered by persons unknown. Despite Farr's close watch, Lawson managed to arrange for a few meetings with the miners through union sympathizers whose names were furnished by the Denver office of the U. M. W. The first meeting was held on a mountainside, far above one C. F. & I. camp. The miners came in groups of two or three and seated themselves about a pinon fire in a sheltered canyon. They were silent and grim, like so many brigands gathered to plot a secret foray against the enemy.

C.F.&I., owned by the wealthy Rockefellers, was Lawson's main target. The Rockefellers seemed not to care about the miners and listened only to their company officials in Pueblo. So when the miners moved their families from company houses and built a tent colony at Ludlow, they did not suspect it to be the start of 15 months of violence and murder. Rockefeller's advisers said, "The officers of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company are standing between the country and chaos, anarchy, proscription and confiscation, and in so doing are worthy of the support of every man who loves his country."

Before the strike was really started, two Baldwin - Felts Detective Agency gunmen, Walter Belk and George Belcher, shot Gerald Lippiatt, a striking miner and labor organizer, in a one-sided gun battle on the streets of Trinidad. The killing put the other miners into a frenzy and the hotheads demanded that the hired detectives be killed. Old Mother Jones, a veteran mine - worker organizer, was sent to Colorado by the international board of the U. M. W. to assist John Lawson with the strike. She had little patience with either "damn fool lawyers" or their "sissified mumbo - jumbo and pussy -footing." Mother Jones was a woman of direct action, and when she began making inflammatory speeches, it wasn't long before all the miners went out on strike.

Now she put on her best act, shook her bony hands at the miners, and challenged them to fight to the finish.

And violence came quickly.

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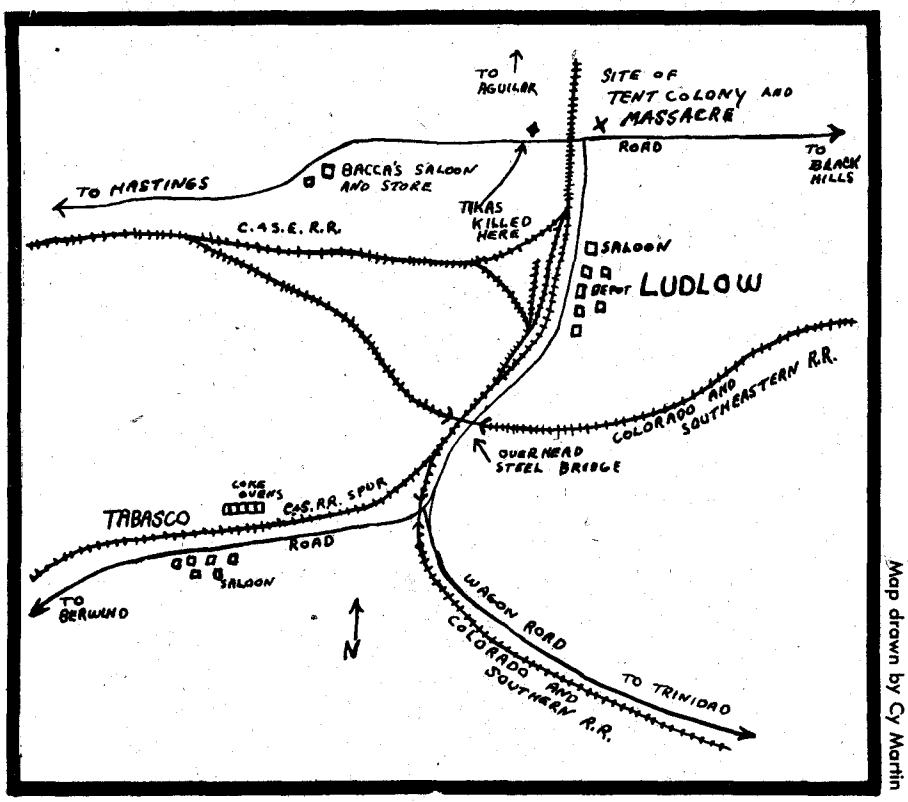
The day after the strike began, Bob Lee, a camp guard - marshal, was shot and killed as he herded four strikers along with his horse, just west of Trinidad. The C. F. & I. charged that the killing was the beginning of anarchy while Colorado's ineffectual Governor Ammons decided it was all a deliberate political plot. The next killing came on October 7, 1913 when several Ludlow strikers went to Hastings to get their mail from the post office and were driven away at gunpoint by the guards. Again, Belk and Belcher cut loose with their brand of fun. After driving to Ludlow, they fired a dozen or more shots into the tent colony, just for the - hell - of - it.

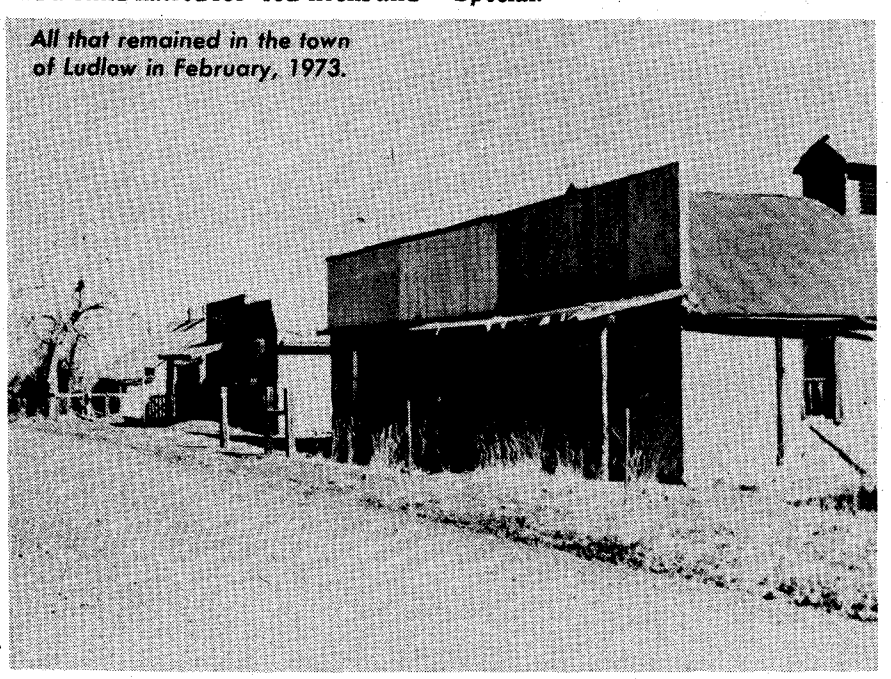
For the next hour or so, it was open warfare between the hurriedly called-up force of company guards and the striking miners. Finally the furious onslaught of the miners drove the guards back, but early the next morning the guards returned and another gun battle occurred, with the guards beaten back to Hastings. Mack Powell, a miner, was killed as he watched the fight from near Baca's Saloon.



Map drawn by Cy Martin

Map of the area around the site of the Ludlow Massacre, April 20, 1914.

Then on October 24, thirty heavily armed guards opened fire on a group of jeering and shouting strikers and their women on the streets of Walsenburg. Three more miners, Kris Kokich, Andy Auvinen and Cristo Croci, were riddled by the guards' bullets. Four days later, the Governor of Colorado called out the State Militia under the inept command of General John Chase. Within a week the anti-union General was recruiting the same company - mine guards into militia Company B under another ex-mine guard, Lt. K. E. Linderfelt, who had a blind hatred for "red-necks and Wops." Fighting between strikers and guards became more frequent, brutal and bloodthirsty with the appointment of Linderfelt. Linderfelt was a soldier of fortune, a veteran of the Philippine campaign and the Mexican Revolution. A swaggering, blustering man, he was a rare and mean combination of bully and bulldog. Cruel and small minded, he was a braggart, but he was a courageous fighter. Under his bigoted leadership, the guards went to great lengths to intimidate and harass the strikers with the "Death Special."



All that remained in the town of Ludlow in February, 1973.

Cy Martin Photo

Albert C. Felts, head of the detective agency, claimed the dubious credit for its design and construction. He had an ordinary touring car's floor rebuilt with solid wood and its sides reinforced with steel, three - eighths of an inch thick, at the C.F. & I. works in Pueblo. The vehicle carried two mounted .30 caliber machine guns. Its appearance on October 17 near the strikers' colony at Forbes, a few miles south of Ludlow, was all the more frightening because it climaxed a long series of nighttime sniping attacks which had forced the women and children to move to a separate collection of tents.

Belk and Belcher were in the contraption and both its machine guns were firing. Some 600 shots raked the tents, riddling canvas, bursting crockery, and shattering sticks of furniture. Marco Zamboni, nine wounds in his legs, sprawled all afternoon, unattended in the drenching rain, until the firing ceased at dusk. Now George Belcher, regarded as a likable man by his fellow Baldwin - Felts detectives, was a detestable thug to the miners and a marked man. On the night of November 20, 1913 scores of miners and their women and children thronged along Commerical and Main Streets in Trinidad. On the corner, where the two streets met, Belcher stood on the high curb, rocking back and forth on his heels, sneering at the strikers as they passed. Now and then Belcher directed a foul,

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slurring remark at some passing miner's wife or a sympathizer. Finally, tiring of the sport, he started to cross the street just as the big clock on the bank chimed 7:30 p. m. Belcher disappeared in the mass of humanity which crowded the corner.

A shot rang out. The crowd scattered. Belcher lay dead in the street in a pool of his own blood, as bits of his brains oozed through the ugly bullet hole in the back of his head. Soldiers rushed to the intersection with their guns drawn. Within five minutes, Louis Zancanelli, a miner, was taken into custody and hustled off for the "kangaroo" and a rigged court trial.

Mother Jones decided that a grand demonstration was needed and she called out the women and children from all the tent colonies for a parade in Trinidad on January 23. Permission was grudgingly given by General Chase, and the long line of shabbily dressed women and children moved across the Picketwire River bridge and up to Commercial Street. As they marched by the Columbian Hotel, no militia were in sight. The traffic policeman on the corner of Main and Commercial streets put his club behind his back and stepped aside as the women reached the intersection and turned east on Main Street toward the hospital. Three blocks east on Main Street, just opposite the post office, a line of militia cavalrymen were drawn across the street. General Chase, mounted on a fine looking horse, sat in front of his men with a saber in his hand.

A block behind the cavalry, infantry filled the street. The line of women and children wavered for a moment, then moved forward again, straight toward the menacing troops.

General Chase boomed out for them to stop.

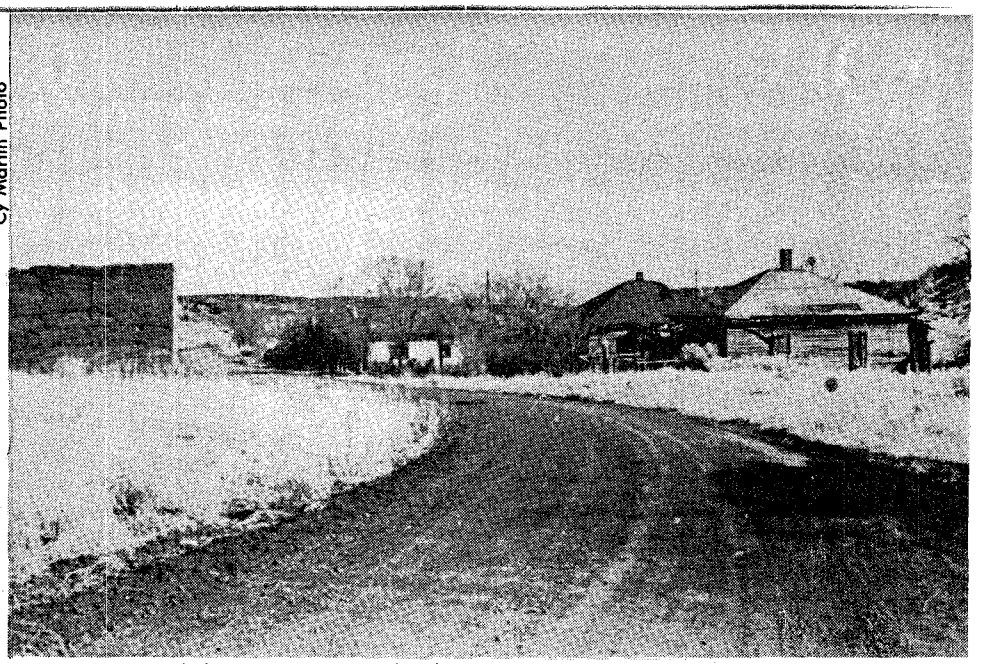
The line wavered, but still it advanced.

Spectators who had followed the parade began to crowd forward for a better view. General Chase just couldn't seem to decide what to do next. He spurred his horse forward to meet the women, and then suddenly wheeled and rode back toward his men.

The head of the parade reached the cavalrymen, and a few of the women were marching between the mounted troopers. Several women gave a triumphant yell. General Chase's horse became frightened and backed into a parked buggy.

Pompous General Chase fell off his horse as the women screamed with laughter. Red-faced and angry,

Cy Martin Photo



The remains of the mining town of Tabasco, which is near the mining town of Ludlow, as it was February, 1973.

Cy Martin Photo

United Mine Workers monument in memory of those who died in the Ludlow massacre. This is located on the site of the tent city. The death pit is in the foreground.

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General Chase climbed stiffly to his feet and ordered, "Ride down the women!"

The cavalry mounts plunged forward with snorts. Sabers flashed in the bright sunlight as women's laughter turned to screams of terror.

Luckily none of the women or children was injured — just General Chase's ostentatious dignity.

Winter slowly passed and the Greek Easter, April 19, 1914, was a gala day in the Ludlow tent colony. Happy, fun-loving men and women of a score of ethnic backgrounds bedecked themselves in their national costumes and Sunday best for the festive day. The colony was a riot of color, Louie Tikas, head man of the tent colony, wore a picturesque Greek costume. His round face beamed as he walked about the colony, greeting the people with a kiss and the ancient cry, "Christ is risen."

But Louie Tikas was worried. He'd heard that Linderfelt was boasting he would wipe out the Ludlow tent colony in a few days. Early in the afternoon, the miners and their families trooped to the baseball field for a game. On a pinon-clad hill a mile distant, Linderfelt lay on his stomach with his field glasses pressed to his hate-filled eyes. A machine gun was in position on another small hill. As Linderfelt looked back to the plain below, he saw his mounted gunmen ride up to the ball diamond. Their high-powered rifles rested easily across the pommels of their saddles as they stared insolently at the miners and their families. Suddenly the leader of the gunmen nodded to his companions and they turned their horses away. All was silent for a moment, then the women giggled hysterically in relief.

The next morning Tikas called his camp police together and ordered them to stay close to the tents. He knew there was something up and was going over to the Ludlow depot to talk to Major Hamrock. As Louie approached the depot, his hidden terror turned real.

Militia swarmed all over and around the small building. They carried new Springfield rifles and full belts of ammunition. It seemed like they meant to use them at any moment. The meeting with Hamrock was brief and wasted time. Yet as he talked, Louie watched the warlike preparations going on around him.

Louie left the depot, glanced toward Water Tank Hill where the crest was black with armed militia and thought he saw a machine gun or even two. Louie pulled out two white handkerchiefs to wave, one in each hand, as he ran toward the colony. Before he reached the tents, a bomb exploded, then a second, followed by a third. Each made an earth-rattling noise. The clatter of small arms and the rat-tat-tat of the machine guns filled the air. Ducking low, Tikas broke into an even faster run.

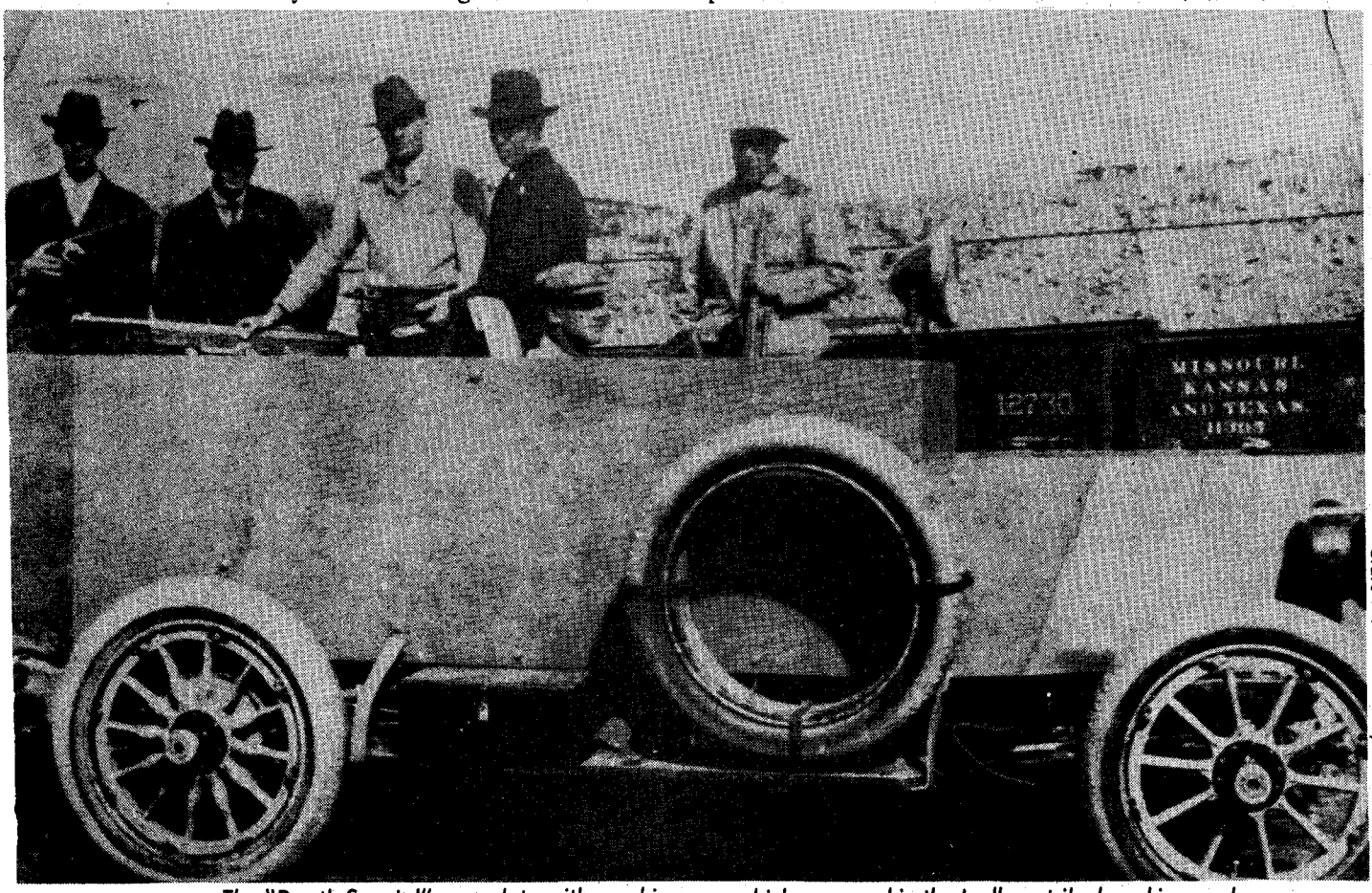
It was 10:01 a.m. on April 20, 1914.

Tikas hurried through the colony as machine-gun bullets sprayed the streets and ripped the tents to shreds. The women and children took refuge in their underground cellars while most of the men scattered. Some stretched out along the Colorado & Southern Railroad tracks, returning the militia fire as best they could with their antique weapons.

The cruel cross fire from machine guns and rifles slowly cut the tent colony to pieces. The miners kept up a steady return fire, hoping it would keep the militia from approaching close enough for a charge. Hysterical women, screaming at the top of their lungs, clutched their children tightly as they huddled in the underground shelters.

Eleven-year-old Frank Snyder crawled from his cellar to get some water for his mother who had fainted

(continued on page 64)



State Historical Society of Colorado.

The "Death Special", complete with machine gun which was used in the Ludlow strike breaking and massacre.

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THE SLICKEST Of The BAD MEN

By Jeannie Martin

Jefferson Randolph Smith gained fame as the man who tamed Skagway, Alaska, but he was widely known for years before as a con man who never gave a sucker an even break. He made his living playing poker or running a "shell game," and this article veils a warning: never buck a man at his own game.

Deadman Photo Shop, Skagway.

Soapy Smith in his saloon on July 4, 1898.

A great deal has been written about Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith, a deceptively soft-spoken Georgian who, for a few flamboyant months, could say of Skagway, Alaska, "I'm boss of this merry-go-round."

But what about this con man's early years when he began to attract attention and organize rackets in the Rocky Mountain area? This side of Soapy Smith has been essentially neglected, with perhaps the reason being that the available photographs of Smith are usually concerned with his endeavors in Skagway.

Jeff Smith was born in the year 1860 at Noonan, Georgia into an old and illustrious family. His father was an alcoholic lawyer. Being the oldest son, Jeff went to work on the farm and by the time he was ten years old, he was working right along with the men.

Two strong forces were at work, determining young Smith's future: one, the alcoholism of his father; the other, the aftermath of the War Between the States — the carpetbag-ridden South with its attendant troubles.

Jeff, Sr. packed up bag and baggage and moved his family first to Temple, then to Round Rock, Texas. After the move to Texas, young Smith found himself on his own, but he continued to read. As his voice deepened, he used it more and more to spout Shakespeare and the Bible. One spring morning while still in his teens, he kissed his weeping mother and sisters good-bye and rode away with a passing trail herd.

On the trail ride, the men played poker with a greasy deck of cards, and had no time for Jeff; but he was content to watch, learning the fundamentals of the game. He watched the clumsy efforts of some of the men to cheat.

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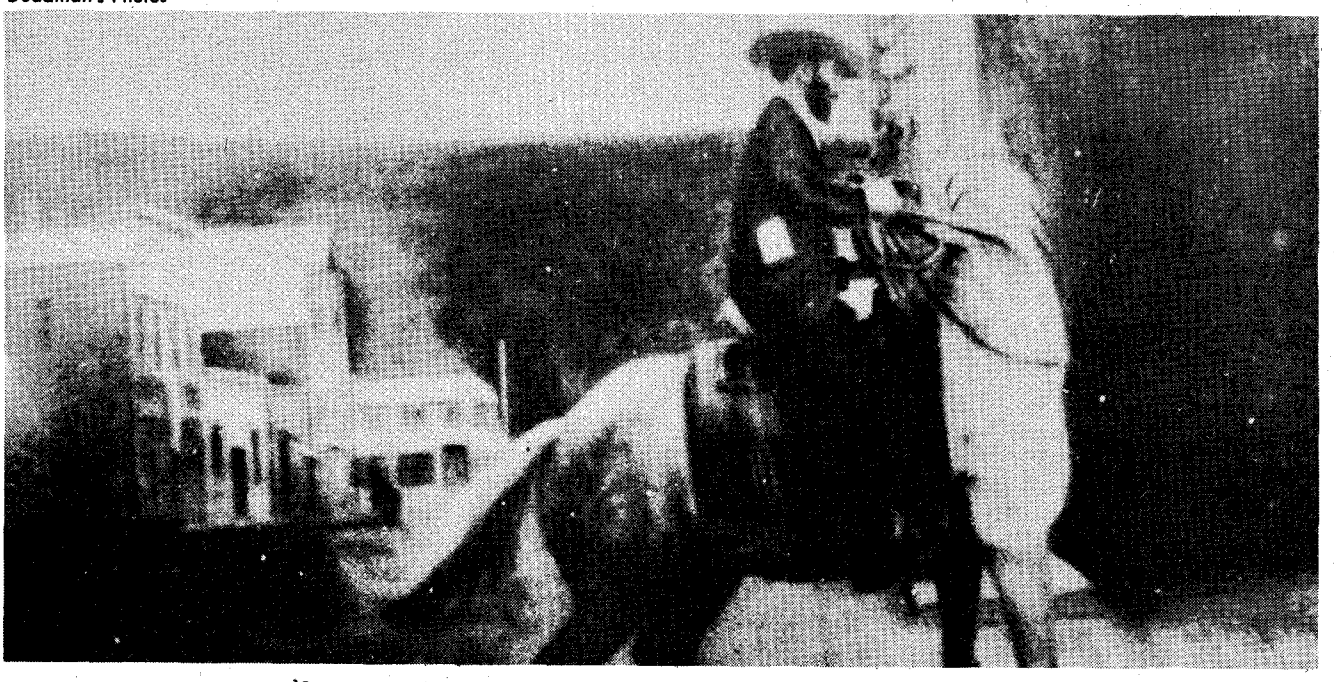


Soapy Smith in the Fourth of July Parade, 1898, Skagway, Alaska.

Someday he would try his luck and he would win. He needed practice, so he bought a deck of cards in a saloon and spent hours practicing on his friend, Joe Simmons, playing on a blanket for beans.

Soapy's first exposure to Lady Luck was in San Antonio, Texas, where he met a short stubby man with a club foot, who was dressed in dingy black.

For hours, young Smith watched "Club-foot" Hall, the shell-game artist, manipulate his three walnut shells and one offensive little pea. Then he made the mistake of trying to locate the pea, himself. He bet again and again. But at the end of a half an hour, his pocketbook was empty.

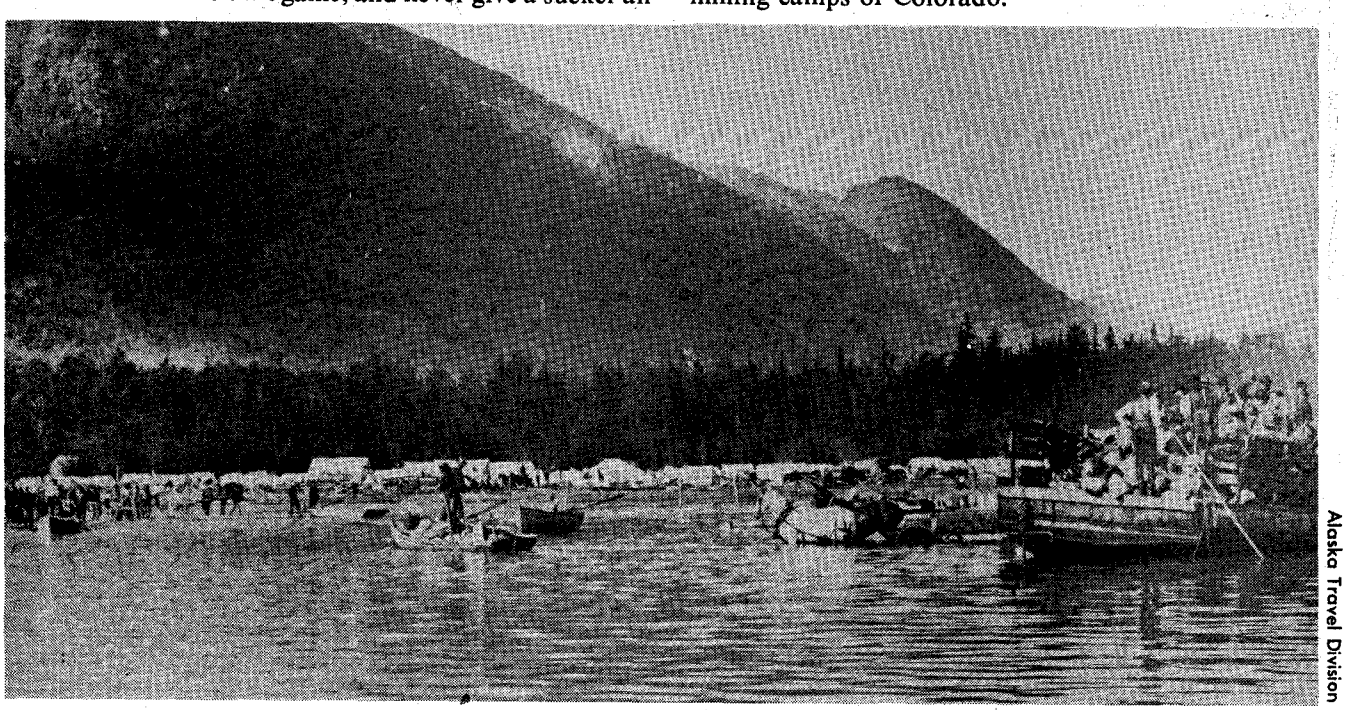
Jeff was humbled, but not angry. It would be hard to take the chaffing he would receive from Joe Simmons, but he learned two valuable lessons: never try to beat another man at his own game, and never give a sucker an even break. He hung around the place, hands in his empty pockets, until the shell-game artist folded up his "tripe and keister" (tripod and suitcase), the implements of his trade. Smith followed Club-foot and finally stopped him.

Club-foot turned with a gun in his hand. "A man could get himself killed following me. When I win a man's money, it stays won. Now back - track."

Jeff looked at the man and said, "I'm not after my money. I lost it fair and square. What I am after is, I want to learn how to manipulate the shell."

"So do a lot of other men," answered Club-foot.

"I mean it, teach me now and I'll pay you for it." But Club-foot refused to teach Soapy the trade, though finally he recommended Smith see the real king of all shell-game artists, "Old Man" Taylor, who was operating in the mining camps of Colorado.



Alaska Travel Division

The harbor at Skagway, Alaska before the docks were built. Passengers, animals and cargo were dumped onto the tidal flats from the ships.

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Several years passed as Jeff Smith and Joe Simmons bummed their way along from the trail towns of Kansas to San Antonio. It's been said they rode with the Dalton gang of Kansas outlaws, but there is nothing to support the claim.

Though still calling himself a cowboy, young Smith found it easier to make a living at the poker table than by punching cows. Still, the popular game of the day was Faro — the only game at which the sucker had almost an even break. The game drew him until his winnings at poker slid away from him at the Faro table. Since this early determination to beat the game of Faro never left Soapy, it cost him thousands upon thousands of dollars. Realist that he was, he knew he couldn't win and he often told his friends, "There's a little of the sucker in all of us."

One day in 1885, Jeff Smith rode into Leadville, Colorado where Fate took him by the hand. He heard a man say, " 'Old Man' Taylor is down on Third and Harrison, trimming the suckers again with his shell game."

The name rang a bell. Club - foot Hall told him the real master of the art was an Old Man Taylor. No longer a callow youth, Jeff knew better now than to demand he be taught the game. With a great deal of bluster, bluff and bravado, Jeff convinced Old Man Taylor he should teach him the shell game. To pay Taylor, Smith acted as his capper, heckling and winning from the con man. Later, of course, he went to Taylor's hotel room and handed back the money.

Not only did Taylor teach him the shell game, but he also taught him the soft - soap sell which was to make Smith famous. Taylor took out a hundred or so small cakes of soap, about two inches long and an inch thick, some sheets of blue paper, and a roll of bills. Before young Jeff's eyes, he wrapped the bills inside the blue paper as he wrapped the soap. But when Smith tried to pick out a certain bill, it was never there.

Taylor explained, "Here's how we'll do it. They'll see me wrap the bills with the soap inside. When I wrap a hundred - dollar bill, the edge will show. That's the one you're to buy for $5.00. When you get it, show it to the crowd and make a big fuss. And be goddam sure you show up with what you win, afterward."

Young Jeff could see it beat the shell game, and as a friend of Taylor he met the other grifters in town. He met everybody who was on the shady side of the law, down to the last pimp and harlot. With a whiskey glass in his hand, he stood at the bar and talked endlessly. He knew that a man who lived by his wits must keep those wits unclouded by alcohol. This was a lesson which held him in good stead until July of 1898.

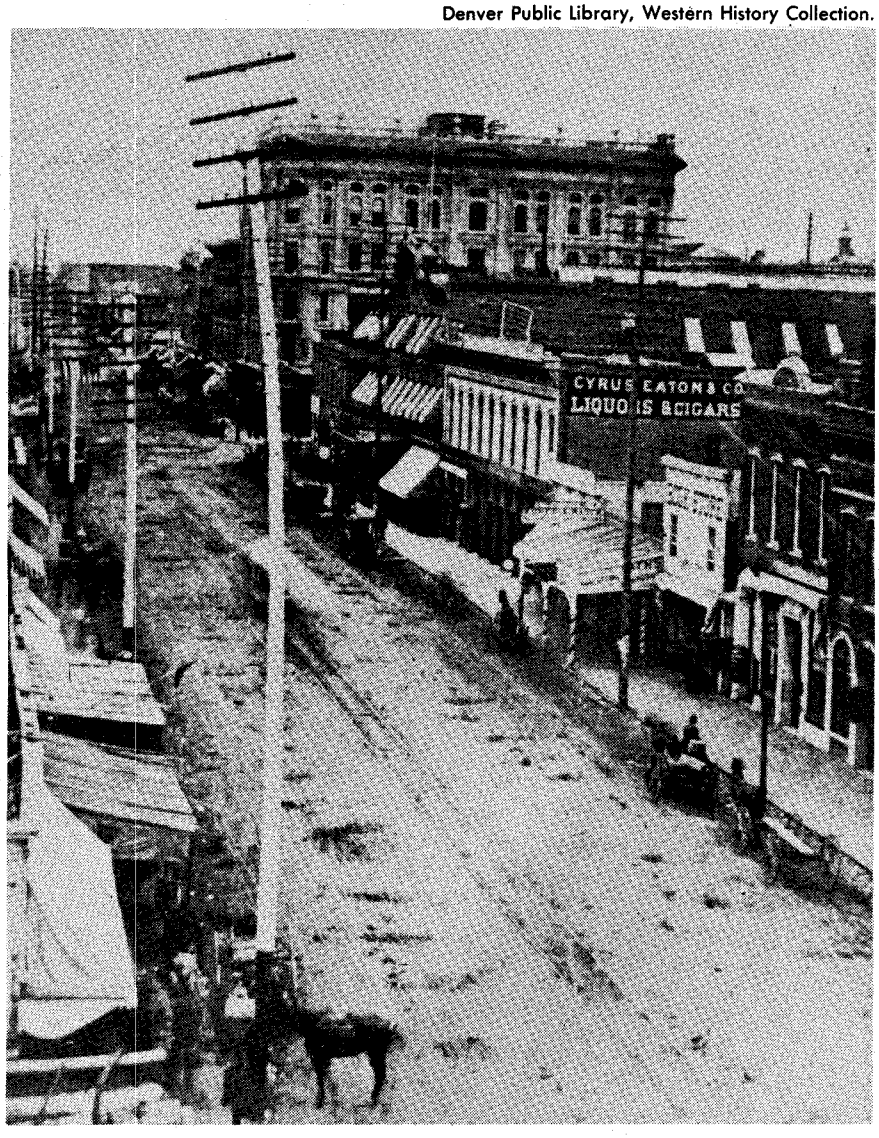
Old Man Taylor grew tired of Leadville, so Jeff said "Good - bye" without any regrets and departed for Denver, the fountainhead of Colorado vice. Quietly, Jeff set up his tripe and keister on Seventeenth and Larimer Streets, one day selling soapy and another day operating the shell game. In Denver an arresting police officer made out his report (the name Jefferson Randolph Smith eluded him), he remembered the prisoner was selling soapy, so he jotted down, "Soapy." Thus it was that the beardless youth received a name which was to become known all over the North American continent.

In the Denver of the late 1880's, the real personality of Jeff Smith began to show itself. The town was the free, easy, wide - open railhead and banking center of the Rocky Mountains. There was plenty of money for those able to get it and plenty of places for them to spend it. And, above all, Soapy loved to spend it.

He agreed wholeheartedly with Barnum, there was a sucker born every minute, and he added, these suckers were for Soapy Smith to fleece. Soapy showed them no mercy in his despoiling of them, although at times, he often was generous enough to pay their fare back East to where they came from.

For a bad man he was pretty decent, although one biography described him as "adept at primitive self - defense with several notches on his revolver," but Soapy was essentially an organizer. He was far from money - mad. He just simply liked to run things and be appreciated for his efforts. Wherever he went, he became the self - appointed city manager who specialized in taking over a community where the citizenry was totally distracted by the lure of silver and gold.

Denver Public Library, Western History Collection.



Market Street, Denver, Colo. in the street's lively days.

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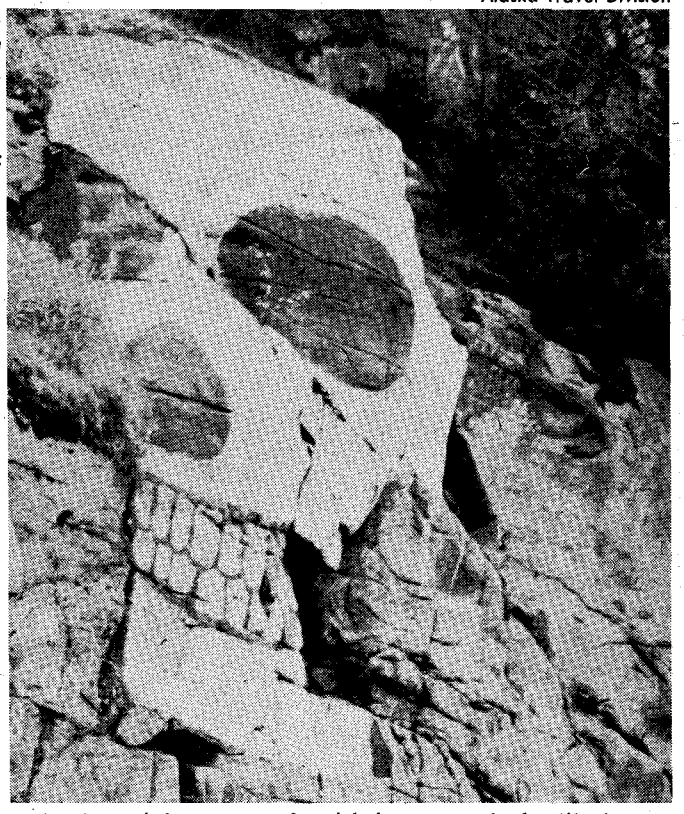
Alaska Travel Division



"Skull of Soapy Smith" as painted on the cliffs near the city docks, recalling the wide-open days of Skagway, Alaska.

In return for the absolute right to fleece any visitors, Soapy did his level best to promote civic improvements and discourage gun play. He even heralded his take - over in Skagway by interrupting a projected lynching with an impassioned plea for law and order and emphasizing his main points with a loaded Winchester.

Soapy was a sincere advocate of passive resistance on the part of his victims. He hated a complainer more than anything else. All he asked was that a customer in one of his saloons or clubs take his mulcting painlessly. Really, in actual money stolen, Soapy was far more successful than the owl - hoot, cattle rustler or highwayman, for the lure of quick money made every adventurer a potential sucker.

He was learning every day, and as a deliberate move to give maturity to his appearance, he grew a heavy black beard and dressed in sober black with a diamond stickpin and heavy gold watch chain across his vest. Both his watch and the pendants were expensive and his shoes were always shined. Smith also knew it paid to have an inside track with the local police.

After Soapy Smith and his gang operated in and out of Denver for several years, the trickles of protest joined and became a river, headed by the *Rocky Mountain News.* When Jeff attempted to murder Col. John Arkins, manager of the paper, he was brought to court on a charge of assault with intent to do bodily harm, but he never came to trial. The publicity given to the assault and trial made it plainly advisable for Soapy to disappear.

The towns near Denver were not anxious to have him; even Cheyenne, then as rip - roaring a town as there was in the West, didn't want him. Finally, with a half dozen of his retainers, he stopped briefly in Salt Lake City before he moved on to Pocatello, Idaho. There, Soapy found himself greeted by an old acquaintance who, however, was not an old friend.

Back in Denver, a few years earlier, Soapy ran a brash, young skin - game artist named Kelly or "The Ricon Kid," out of town. Just before the northbound train came in with Soapy and his boys, Kelly, with Sam Beecher and a half dozen other armed men, crossed to the west side of the tracks. When the train pulled in, Soapy and his men tried to get off, the Ricon Kid met him face to face. It was a shock to Soapy, but he kept walking on.

"You're not stopping here. Get on the train and keep going, Soapy," the Ricon Kid ordered.

"The hell with you," Soapy said.

"I warned you to get out and now I'm going to do it." With that, the Ricon Kid reached for his gun and so did Beecher.

Soapy was faster and got in the first shot. The shot hit Sam Beecher in the leg and demoralized the Ricon Kid and his followers. Bullets pierced the air with more danger to spectators than to the warring gangs. No one else was hit as both sides scampered for shelter. While the con men shouted threats at each other, the police came running into the station; both sides seemed happy to surrender and give up their arms.

Only Soapy Smith was jailed. The Ricon Kid and his men were told to catch the first train to Portland while Soapy's men were put on the first southbound train. Pocatello didn't want to serve as a con man's battle ground.

Out in Southwest Colorado, N.C. Creede struck his pick into a ledge of nearly solid sliver. Soapy saw the finger of fortune beckoning him to the new town of Creede at the mouth of Willow Creek. It looked like the land of opportunity, even if he wasn't the first would-be boss to arrive. The town already was pretty much in the hands of Bob Ford — "The Dirty Little Coward who shot Mr. Howard, and laid Jesse James in the Grave."

In town he met other old acquaintances such as Bat Masterson, John Light, and his old boyhood friend, Joe Simmons. Within a very short time, Soapy opened the Orleans Club in competition with Ford's Leadville Exchange. Ford growled and grumbled, and a meeting was held, but what passed between the two men we will never know — though whatever it was, from the time of the meeting on, *Smith ruled Creede.*

In Creede one of the more humorous anecdotes about Soapy Smith occurred. Doc Simpson, whose office was only a stone's throw from Soapy's Orleans Club, was eating his dinner in a local restaurant when Soapy walked in.

"What have ya got that's fit to eat?" Soapy asked.

"Oh, we got beefsteak, pork chops, stew, and chicken." said the waiter.

"The last is for me, and make it quick." Soapy ordered.

After Soapy forked down the last bite, he called the waiter. "That chicken was really damn good. Fetch me another portion and don't forget to bring me more of that there hominy along, too."

"Hominy," the waiter gasped. "What hominy?"

"Why, the hominy you served me with the chicken, you lunkhead. Get it quick before I lose my temper," Soapy demanded.

"Soapy Smith wants another order of that chicken and more of the hominy. Well, I didn't know hominy was on the bill of fare," the waiter said to the cook.

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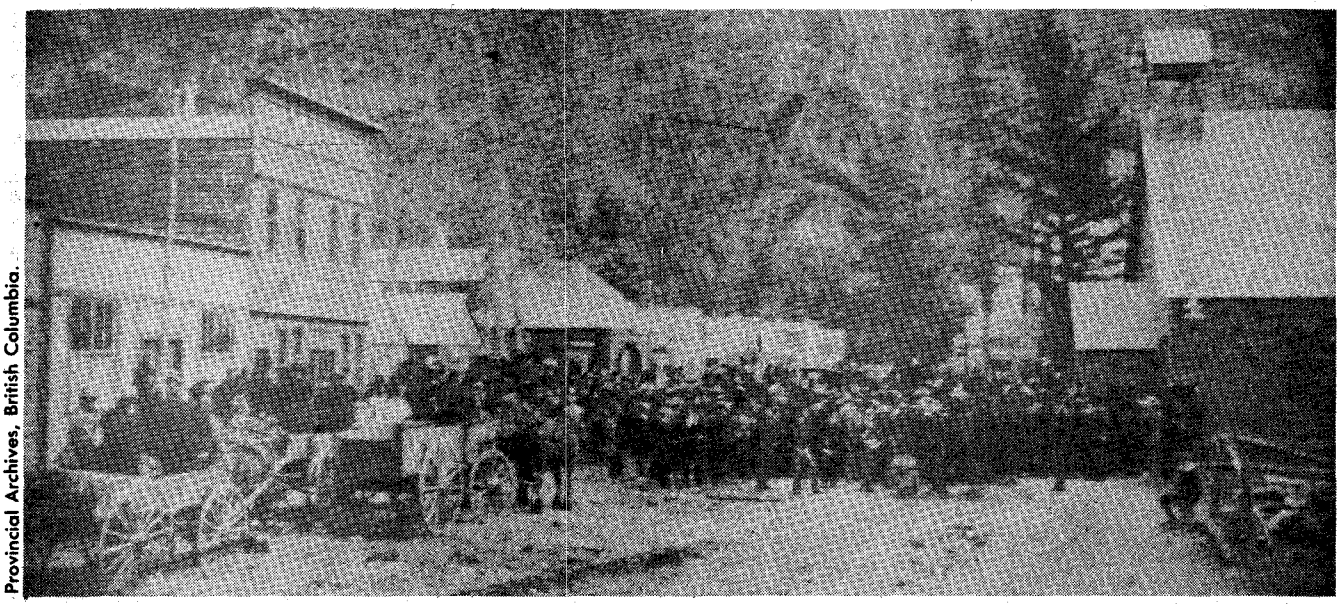

Provincial Archives, British Columbia.

Public funeral procession for Frank Reid, Skagway, Alaska

"Well, ain't supposed to be, but by God almighty, right after you delivered Soapy's chicken, I found out I cooked that damned chicken and forgot to take out the hell - fired craw," the cook answered.

Another anecdote from Creede is the famous Colonel Stone story. This hoax was based on a concrete image of a giant man. Most historians agree that the idea originated in the fertile brain of a Creede gambler by the name of Bob Fitzsimmons who ordered the image made in Denver and buried it out in the hills. He saw it was properly discovered by a fellow conspirator by the name of J. J. Dore.

Dore lost no time in taking to his heels, explaining he was so frightened he only hit seven high places on the way back to Creede. Getting some help, Dore and Fitzsimmons drove back to the grave in a transfer wagon belonging to the Hoover Livery Co. and brought the cement man back to town. The body was placed on exhibition at the Vaughn Hotel, and a fee of 25¢ was charged. The clink of the silver held an alluring sound for Soapy, so he promptly cut himself in, maybe because he figured the thing was being mishandled with no build - up except for a bartender's speculating that it might be the body of one of General Fremont's men.

Cy Martin collection.

Soapy Smith just after his death, July 8, 1898.

Soapy resorted to direct measures; he stole the Colonel and transferred him to his own place of business. Then he took over as spieler and there was none better. He shaded the coal-oil lamps to give an eerie impression of a tomb, as Colonel Stone promptly became a prehistoric monster instead of a deceased pioneer. The people who paid their money to look were treated to a learned lecture on the habits of man since the days of Creation. The possibilities for Colonel Stone was then leased out to P. T. Barnum and was finally returned to Denver only when his prehistoric hide began to disintegrate.

Never a man to bet on a dead horse, Soapy saw that the end of Creede was approaching. Its candle was burning dim. The town never recovered from the disastrous fire of 1892, and the price of silver was cut in half. He knew the signs and knew it was time to move on. Denver, as his friends reported, was again a wide - open town, and Soapy prepared to move back home.

In Denver, the rascal found arms opened wide to greet him at his headquarters at the Tivoli. The grifters flocked in to tell him how much they missed him since he went away. For a time, Soapy held court like a king. Now Jeff was looking upon himself more as a model citizen. He was opposed to violence unless it was forced upon him. He was still teaching the suckers not to be gullible, and he was doing some minor good with his ill-gotten gains.

Soapy's luck began to fail. Events over which he held no control buffeted him about, and finally a genuine reform wave took over in

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Frank Reid's grave with inscription on stone: "He gave his life for the honor of Skagway." Skagway, Alaska.

Denver. It bacame apparent to Soapy that Denver was not the place for him. He went to St. Louis, then New Orleans, then back to Denver where he had a run-in with the law. Members of his old gang were run out of town and things were at a low ebb. Now his favorite town wouldn't accept him.

His subsequent wanderings were not profitable, but his unquenchable spirit was not dampened. He tried Houston and San Francisco and even Washington, D. C. While Soapy was in Washington, men's imaginations were being stirred by tales of gold in the Yukon. Skagway was calling as Soapy boarded a train for Denver.

Before he reached St. Louis, he sent telegrams to the scattered members of his gang, telling them to meet him. Soapy stayed in Denver only long enough to pick up fourteen packs of new cards, a dice box, a set of poker chips, a small square frame covered with canvas, assorted half shells of English walnuts, several quart bottles of good whiskey along with several boxes of fine cigars. In San Francisco, Soapy and his gang played tourist on the Barbary Coast and shipped out via tramp steamer to Skagway.

No town ever looked better to Jeff Smith than Skagway. Dyea, a few miles away at the foot of Chilkoot Pass, received his consideration, but Skagway was much, much better. The Dead Horse Trail over the White Pass was so formidable that often a tide of Klondikers trying to reach the gold fields were forced back to Skagway to wait. Literally a bottleneck, Skagway was perfect for the con artist and his gang.

There was no cable to Alaska, yet Soapy opened a "telegraph office," complete except for any method of sending or receiving messages. The clerks accepted wires to any point in the United States at a flat rate of $5.00 for ten words. The newcomers to Alaska marveled at the efficiency of service, for they received replies within a few hours — always collect.

With most of the suckers killing time in Skagway, Soapy's methods were an extravagant window dressing. A high percentage of the males displayed marked enthusiasm for wine, women, cards or craps, all readily available at his Orleans. His girls were experienced and the shell game a sure thing. The dice were well under control, and the card tables were equipped with an accommodator, an invisible slot through which the dealer could avail himself of an extra ace whenever one was urgently needed.

The back yard at Jeff's gave birth to a rare Alaskan saying. Soapy kept an eagle chained to a perch in the courtyard. Since the area served also as a urinal, this decor led those going out back to say, "I'm going to look at the eagle." When Soapy's men agreed that a customer was so immune to ordinary temptation that only direct action would be required, his visit to the courtyard offered them the opportunity for their sandbagging. In time, "seeing the eagle," came to mean being mugged, slugged and rolled for whatever money one might have in their pocket.

Soapy's meeting with J. D. Stewart on July 7, 1898, with its confrontations and fatal vigilante meeting are now a part of the Alaskan legend. The legend also states that Soapy Smith, thoroughly drunk, very alone and deaf to the warnings of friends, walked down the very same street on which he led the Fourth of July Parade only three days before. He was determined to face down those who challenged his reign as boss of Skagway.

At the end of his walk, on the Juneau dock, he found himself face to face with Frank Reid, a brave flabby man who would have been remembered only as the City Engineer of Skagway. But Fate saw it differently.

For now, in the paleness of the July night, Reid blocked Soapy's path to the Vigilante meeting. There were more versions of the shoot-out than there were actual witnesses. Certainly Reid tried to block Smith, and both men fired and both men fell. Both men died — Smith instantly from a bullet in his heart, Reid after more than a week of agony from a shot in the groin.

In death, Jeff Smith was almost unmourned as Skagway's attention centered first on rounding up and deporting his henchmen, and then on honoring Reid. As with all legends, it was inevitable that Soapy Smith, the ultimate King of Con Men, is now one of Skagway's most popular community assets. ●**RW**

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

RAY "CRASH" CORRIGAN

By Mario A. DeMarco

I first noticed Crash Corrigan in a Republic adventure serial in 1935 entitled, *The Leathernecks Have Landed*. I couldn't help but single out this well-built, smiling actor — he must have produced the same effect on many of the fans who sat through this 12-episode action serial, because he came back as the star in another serial for the same studio, *The Undersea Kingdom*. This helped boost the career of Ray "Crash" Corrigan to the ranks of stardom. Even today on television, when they are showing some of his early "Mesquiteers" series (which also starred John Wayne as the lead), Corrigan still "breaks through" as being the colorful one among the three.

He was born Raymond Bernard in Milwaukee, Wisconsin on February 14, 1907. His family moved to Denver, Colorado when Ray was a youngster, and this is where he was educated — in high school he starred in sports. After completing his education he operated an electrical shop but failed in this venture, so he turned to something he excelled in — he opened a school for physical culture. After modeling for numerous artists and sculptors, he managed to beat the competition and cop the title as "possessing the manliest physique." From there he headed for Hollywood and began instructing the stars in how to keep in shape. He was approached by a star friend and told to make a stab at getting into pictures. Heeding his friend's advice, Ray joined a stock company for experience. This was all the experience he needed; he made his film debut in 1934. He took all the parts he could get; no role was too small. After a year Republic Studios cast him in their 12-episode chapter play, *The Leathernecks Have Landed*. Ray fit into the role expertly and it brought him to the attention of the fans and studio heads. In 1936 he played the lead in another of the studio's action serials. *Undersea Kingdom* — this series made him one of Republic's greatest action stars. Because of his fearless attitude about doing dangerous daredevil stunts, his friends gave him the nickname of "Crash", which he adopted as his own.

At that time, Republic was about to turn out a new "trio" series of high-budget westerns called the "Mesquiteers." They decided to cast Ray as one of the three leads — the others being Bob Livingston and Sid Saylor. The first of this popular series was called *The Three Mesquiteers* — it was amusing to hear the young fry refer to these stories as the "Three Musketeers." Saylor was replaced in the second picture by Max Terhune, who lugged "Little Elmer" in his saddle bags — thus was the beginning of one of the greatest "trios" in movie western history. Later on, Livingston was replaced by John Wayne, and Corrigan played the part of "Tucson Smith." The popular trio soon became the favorite of millions of western fans and soon made No. 1 on the list of top-ten cowboy stars.

In all, Ray made 24 of these top-graded "Mesquiteers" series and also another all-time great chapter play entitled *The Painted Stallion*, for Republic Studios in 1937, before he moved on to Monogram Studios in 1940. Here he co-produced another "trio" series of westerns "The Range Busters". Ray shared top billing with John "Dusty" King, and Max Terhune, who had left Republic shortly before Ray. This trio of range stars rode over the "silver screen" for four years and delighted the millions of fans, young and old. In all, they managed to make 24 of these films, calling it quits in 1944.

Ray, a wealthy businessman by now, decided to retire from picture making. His many business interests included ownership and development of Corriganville, which was a leading movie-studio ranch where many a top-grade western was filmed. It is also interesting to note that Ray didn't abandon his electrical career altogether, for he still holds over 20 patents for electrical equipment.

Ray "Crash" Corrigan can boast that his "Mesquiteer" series was the beginning of numerous "trios," proving again that once a star, always a star.

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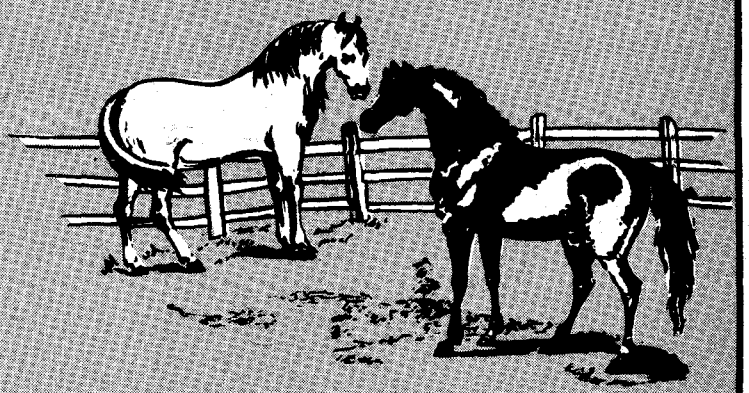
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

RAILROADS EXPANDING IN WESTERN CANADA

Work for 28,000 men and 12,000 teams has been provided this year in constructing the extensions that are being built by the Canadian Northern transcontinental system. Sir William MacKenzie, president of the Canadian Northern, is authority for the statement that $25,000,000 will be spent this year in construction work west of the Great Lakes, and in the western province alone 20,000 men will be employed. Sir Donald Munn, the vice - president and genius of construction, as Sir William MacKenzie is the genius of finance, has announced that 1,053 miles of track will be added to the system before the end of this year, says the Chicago Tribune. When the system is finally completed it is estimated that the cost of construction will be approximately $100,000,000. The greatest record for construction work will be made in the province of Alberta, where 7,000 men and hundreds of teams are already at work on the branches. One of these lines will be the most northerly railroad on the continent, with the exception of the Alaskan railways, and will reach Peace River Landing as an objective point. Another branch to the Brazeau coal fields is being rushed to completion by 1,500 men and 300 teams.

Items of Interest, Secret Service
March 28, 1913

SITTING BULL DEATHLY ILL

Sitting Bull, the venerable and famous Sioux Chieftain, is dying of pneumonia.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
June 22, 1889

FIRE DESTROYS THE CITY OF SEATTLE

The city of Seattle, Washington Territory, with a population of 30,000, was almost obliterated by fire on the 7th inst. Every bank, hotel, and place of amusement, all the leading business houses, all newspaper offices, railroad stations, miles of steamboat wharves, coal bunkers, freight warehouses and telegraph offices were burned. The fire began at two o'clock in the afternoon, and before midnight it had consumed the whole of the business section of the city, leaving only the resident portion safe. The burned district comprised sixty-four acres and covered an area of thirty-one blocks. The total property loss is estimated at $7,000,000, insured for $2,500,000 while the personal losses will amount to $10,000,000 additional.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 22, 1889

SITTING BULL WELL AND KICKING

The success of the Sioux Commission is doubtful. There is strong opposition at the Cheyenne River Agency and Sitting Bull is so far recovered in health as to be able to lead the opposition at Standing Rock.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
August 10, 1889

SIOUX COMMISSION ACCOMPLISHES ITS OBJECTIVE

The requisite number of signatures for the opening of the great Sioux Reservation has been secured, and the commission will soon close its work.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
August 17, 1889

BLYTHE'S DEATH REVEALS 127 RELATIVES

While Thomas H.Blythe, of San Francisco, was alive there was not a chick or child who claimed relationship to him. Now, there are 127 heirs registered in the courts. He left $4,000,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
August 17, 1889

BISMARCK CHOSEN AS NORTH DAKOTA CAPITAL

The North Dakota Constitutional Convention decided to locate the capital at Bismarck, and the other state institutions are apportioned among the other towns.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
August 24, 1889

DIVIDE AND CONQUER

Chief John Glass of the Sioux, who with Gall, has just signed away 11,000,000 acres, says the ambition of his people is to become civilized and live like whites; but to do this, he declares, Sitting Bull should be compelled to leave the reservation.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
August 24, 1889

150 YEARS OLD

An Indian called Old Gabriel, living at the Monterey County Hospital, California, is believed to be 150 years old. In 1770 Gabriel was already a grandfather, and in 1771 assisted in the construction of the first chapel at Monterey. In 1845, when he married his sixth wife, he was said to be over 110 years old.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
September 7, 1889

SPOKANE RECOVERING FROM SEVERE FIRE

Spokane Falls is recovering rapidly from the effects of the great fire within her borders. The chief baker of the city resumed business the day after the fire. Having no sign, he hoisted a pitchfork above the ridgepole of the "shack" he was living in, with a loaf of bread stuck on each tine. A tea merchant resumed business with similar expedition, although his entire outfit consisted only of two or three packages of tea, two or three sacks of coffee, a table, a mill, and a pair of scales.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
September 7, 1889

INDIAN SCARE IN MINNESOTA

The country was startled, last week, by a

(continued on page 55)

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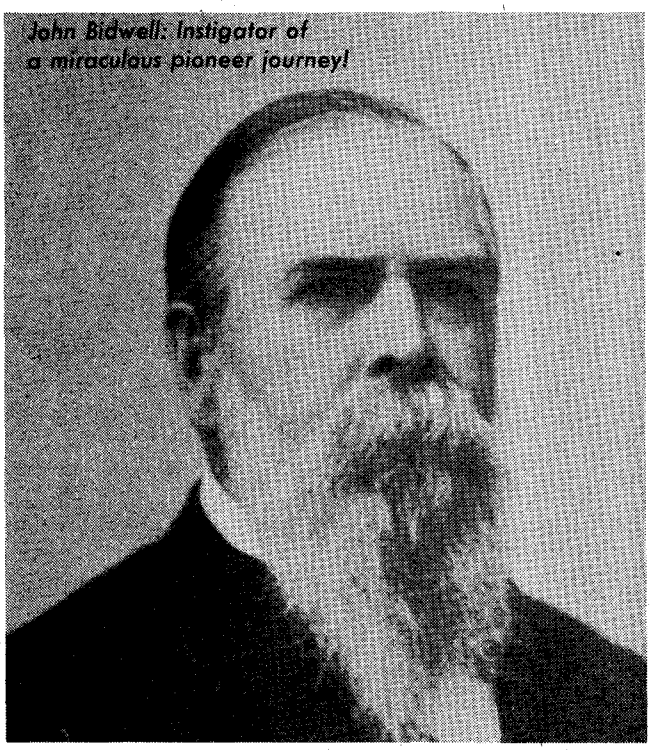
Proud And Productive PRINCE OF THE PIONEERS

By Clarence M. Fink



John Bidwell: Instigator of a miraculous pioneer journey!

Library State Historical Society of Colorado.

In the nineteenth century William Woodward wrote that in this queer mess of human destiny the determining factor is luck. He said that for every important place in life there are many men of equal capacities, and among them Luck decides who shall accomplish the great work, who shall be crowned with laurel, and who shall fall back in obscurity.

The turning points of lives are not great moments, for the real crises are often so trivial in appearance that they pass unobserved. If we are to believe this, then young John Bidwell had to be the luckiest man in Western wagon - train history! As one grizzled old mountaineer put it, "Any man leading a rag - tail bunch of ungrateful, ill - prepared, and mutinous passle of homefolk across hundreds of miles of kankarifferous country and injun land, and get half of them to Californy, has to be a feller ifen he fell inter a buffaler waller would cume up shinin' clean with a fistful of gold nuggets for his truble!"

This twenty - one - year - old organizer of the "Western Emigration Society" possessed no special talents or attributes, none that would promote him on his merits to be one of two lead bosses for 69 poverty - stricken men, women and children that gathered at Sapling Grove, Missouri in the spring of 1841, ready in various degrees for the great and unknown venture across the mysterious continent.

Bidwell wasn't an experienced frontiersman, nor an Indian scout, or even a good hunter; but this imaginative school teacher's strong point lay in his daring and adventurous nature. Bidwell was so desperately in need of assistance that he allowed himself to be blackmailed by John Bartleson, who offered to help him only if he was appointed captain of this unimpressive outfit. It was a case of one blind man leading another, for neither had the necessary know - how to safely guide the people in their charge.

Fortunately they were joined by a small band of mountain men led by an experienced frontiersman, Tom Fitzpatrick, who pointed the Missourians in the right direction. Thanks to his careful guidance he brought the wagon train through the private domains of thirty - one Indian tribes without a single loss of life — a real feat in itself.

From the start, the emigrant train proved anything but a happy group of travellers. There was bitter dissension between those desiring California as their destination and a defiant faction that was just as determined for Oregon. Of course, there was also a minority third party that didn't especially care for either place as long as they left Missouri and had some adventure and excitement during the trek.

Some observers thought that Bidwell was a good, honest "speechifying man" but he was no super - salesman with a persuasive silver tongue. This organizing man found it out when he talked to and thought he had convinced 500 stable and industrious Missourians to make the trip, each supplying their own wagons, provisions and camping equipment. But Bidwell hadn't anticipated the strong opposition by local merchants to this wholesale exodus of their solid citizens, which would mean an unhealthy cut in their business profits if this came about.

These inflexible entrepreneurs quickly launched a feverish fear campaign by local press and word of mouth which undermined practically all of Bidwell's sterling efforts at building enthusiasm for his optimistic venture. So instead of getting those he had desired and signed up, the group that confronted him at Sapling Grove possessed few well - equipped and provisioned vehicles with oxen power, as some came in carriages, others on horseback, and eight on foot who were planning to walk the entire distance. This whole outfit couldn't raise $100 cash for the life of it. It was enough to break the heart of a less indomitable man than John Bidwell.

After careful revision and readjustment, the entire train of 31 covered vehicles bearing Missourians followed the mule - drawn carts of the missionairies shepherded with care by trail - wise Fitzpatrick who had tried his darndest to dissuade Bidwell from crossing unexplored and forbidding country that led to California, but to no avail. So finally, on the night of August 10, 1841, the entire encampment had to make a decision concerning their next move. The majority voted to continue on to Oregon, while 32 stood resolutely for the original California plan.

Next day began the terrible march of the Bidwell - Bartleson party which played Blind Man's Buff in unknown and perilous territory, hoping to eventually find the trappers' trail over the mountains to California. Soon the country became too rough for the wagons, so they left them on the trail and tried to pack their goods on the backs of oxen and mules. Not being used to loads, the animals ran away and lost their goods and equipment.

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Bidwell was the one that kept up the courage of his band all through this adversity. Completely lost in the desert, they almost died of thirst before they reached a river of fresh water. Finally they came in sight of the Sierra Nevada mountains with snow - covered peaks. To get this far the California party endured incredible suffering, living on horseflesh that gave out from starvation and exhaustion. Bidwell's band was so stupefied with weariness that at the end of each day's march they dropped or slumped to the ground, asleep sometimes before their bodies had straightened out. It was the quiet, patient urging of Bidwell who refused to allow his charges to quit and kept prodding them into activity under a merciless sun.

It was a weird procession of straggling and stumbling Missourians that began the long, hard climb through the Sierra Nevadas, following streams that tumbled down from the far - off snow fields. When the ragged band reached a little stream running westward, they knew they had passed the highest part of the mountain. Despite his youthful years John Bidwell looked gaunt and travel worn.

At last they reached the San Joaquin Valley, where the antelope were grazing and wild grapes hung ripe and sweet on vines by the stream. The whole weary and begrimed (more dead than alive) bunch of wandering Missourians stood reverently and gaped at this remarkable scene, despite the fact that California had suffered from an 18-month drought. A rumpled scarecrow of a man next to Bidwell said in a choking voice: "God has seen fit to lead us out of the wilderness, and this must be the paradise he chose for us!" The words trembled with deeply felt emotion. Even now the Missourians didn't know where they were, but they sensed they were nearing their final destination.

It wasn't long before the weary group met an Indian who worked for Dr. Marsh, who knew Bartleson and had written him a letter about a year previous. The Indian kept saying the magic word "Marsh! Marsh!" and led them to his rancho at the foot of Mount Diablo. Looking back on it all, it seemd to Bidwell that 32 people couldn't have walked from where they had abandoned their wagons. It had to be a miracle of some kind!

Bidwell went to work for John A. Sutter whom he liked and deeply respected. The feeling was mutual between both men, and it wasn't long before Bidwell was a popular and friendly secretary and general manager of Sutter's Fort during the early 1840's.

A large train of covered wagons on the trail to California. This was the kind that later followed Bidwell's venture. Strictly a gamble of lives and livestock from the start in the late 1840's & 1850's.

This wagon - train organizer met many explorers and frontiersmen in his business. He was unimpressed with his contacts with John Fremont, whom he thought was unfair and unjust to Sutter while at his fort, and utterly lacking in any expression of gratitude. Fremont at that time was young and somewhat high - spirited and highhanded, with a definite superiority complex. He thought the American conquest of California was a bad war by a stronger nation against a weaker one.

However, despite his personal opinion Bidwell played a positive part in the American takeover. He saw service as a lieutenant, captain, and quartermaster with the rank of major. He was commonly addressed as Major Bidwell from late in 1846 to 1863 until he was appointed a Brigadier General by Governor Stanford.

The man from Missouri was fascinated by the land and the vastness of this newly adopted country, and he wanted to buy as much of it as possible. Many times Bidwell had let the fine rich soil sift through his fingers and mused to himself that this was the yeasty stuff that dreams were made of. He knew that he was fast becoming a man of the soil!

He loved the natural features of the land around Chico, and he soon obtained clear title to what was later to be regarded as the finest rancho in Butte County. Though he was no

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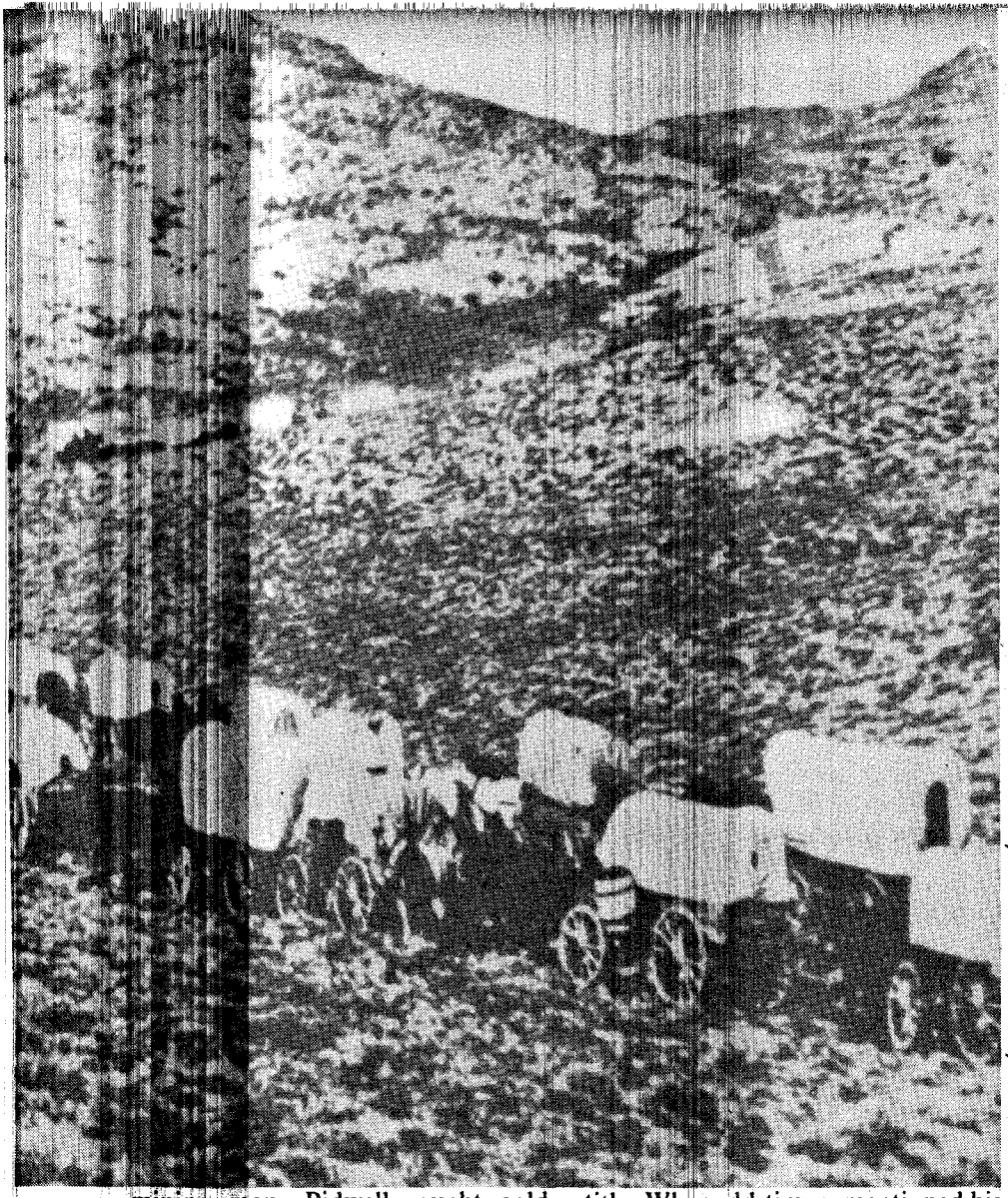

Library State Historical Society of Colorado.

mining man, Bidwell sought gold with the countless hordes of newcomers that swarmed into California. He was successful in finding pay dirt on a rich river bar named after himself on the Middle Fork of the Feather river on July 4, 1848. The wealth extracted from it allowed him to purchase more choice land parcels, and then Bidwell entered wholeheartedly into agriculture. He worked the soil, producing fine shade trees, garden products, ornamental bushes, plus nuts and fruits of a superior type.

Bidwell was a proud man who dignified his growing experiments with justifiable pride in producing something better for the common use of mankind. The trail - blazer to the West introduced the casaba into California and sponsored raisins and oil. His wheat won gold medals and other awards at various expositions, and his products were considered the best in the world in the 1870's. He felt real pleasure and satisfaction in signing himself just plain John Bidwell — Farmer, instead of using his military title. When old-timers mentioned his cross - country trek with the Missouri - California Party, he thought of how grateful he was to the gods of Chance for favoring him in his supreme ignorance.

In 1860 he figured that his area needed a real town to make it complete, so with loving care he founded the town of Chico, later donating plots of ground to church organizations. Today his brick mansion is now a State Historic Monument, and the city seal of Chico bears the portrait and name of the incorruptible John Bidwell.

This ex-Missouri school teacher was a polite man and an extremely good listener. He set a lavish table for his guests, playing the perfect host and allowing them to dine in a completely relaxed atmosphere. Meals in his home were something special to be anticipated. With Judge Henry Schoolcraft in 1850 he was chosen to carry a memorial block of gold quartz to the national capital to be fitted into the Washington Monument. Then on October 18 he brought back the glad tidings of California's admission into the Union on the steamer, *Oregon.*

Bidwell was an honest person with high political and moral convictions. He served as congressman from December 4, 1865 to March 3, 1867, representing California in the House of the 39th Congress. His personal generosity was the main factor in giving California its beautiful Shasta Route.

Bidwell had been too wrapped up in the development of his rancho and the town of Chico to think of marriage, and he had almost reached the half - century mark in years before he seriously considered it. Sutter had hoped that Bidwell would select his daughter, Eliza, as a partner in matrimony, so highly did he regard the man from Missouri. But this down - to - earth bachelor had already lost his heart to Annie Kennedy, whom he'd met in Washington, and he wasn't content with himself until he had married her on April 16, 1868.

Anti - Chinese sentiment, which had flared up originally in 1852 and lay smouldering into the next decade, kept the whites constantly angered by their presence in the labor market. Bidwell employed many of them because he liked their loyalty to him. Some unknown Committee against Orientals threatened him with mayhem unless he replaced them with white laborers.

Bidwell refused their demands and dared them to do their worst. But the threats fizzled out like a pricked balloon.

This pioneer prince championed schools and colleges and offered ten-acre parcels of good land to their cause. Once, when he was gracefully refused, he remarked that "You may take anything on my farm but my dooryard!" and he meant it. John Bidwell was a stately and courtly gentleman and was meticulous in the niceties of cultured living. He possessed a fine sense of humor and was cordial and friendly. No man was more devoted to his adopted state or more loyal to his friends and ideals. As Shakespeare would put it: "He was a man that Fortune buffets and rewards!" ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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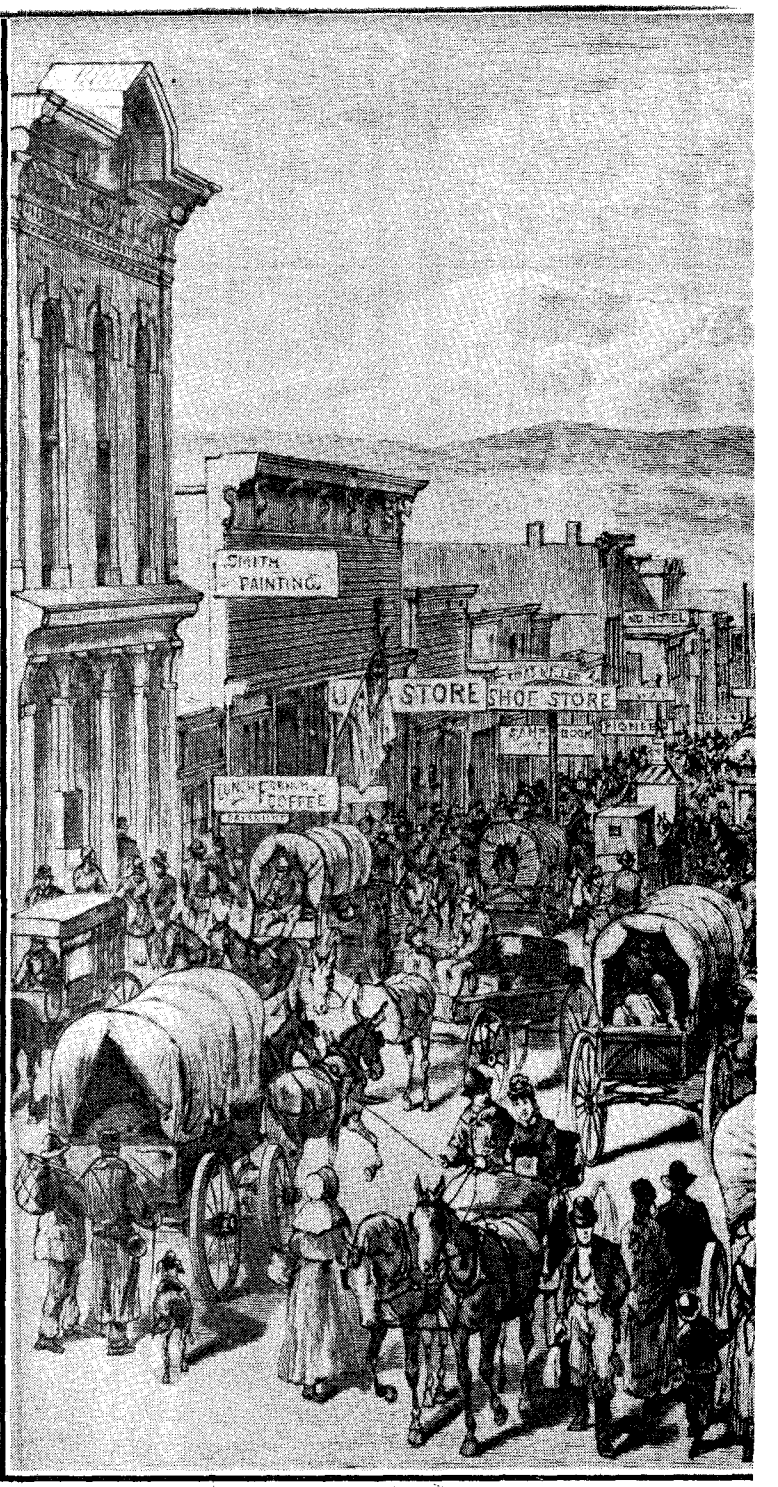
LEADVILLE, The New EL DORADO

This article was written nearly one hundred years ago in the colorful journalese prose of that day. It describes Leadville, a roaring mining town that grew from a cluster of shacks to a major city in just one year.



A view of Leadville, 10,500 feet above the level of the sea.

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 12, 1879

Ten thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, or nearly two miles high in air, stands Leadville, the Mecca towards which all true believing miners are now engaged in making pious pilgrimage. This wondrous town — wondrous from the fact of its having sprung into existence no one can exactly tell how — is situated 140 miles from Denver, Colorado, and numbers 20,000 inhabitants, with 1,200 houses. Fifteen short months ago it mustered but seven log cabins, and three hundred miners. What a Brobdingnagian mushroom!

The excitement in Denver having risen to white heat, I resolved upon a visit to Leadville. The time to see this seventh wonder of the world at its best is from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning, when the miners swarm in the streets, having come in from the mountains to spend their eighteen or twenty dollars per man at faro, or in the saloons. The most popular route to Leadville is by way of Colorado Springs through Pueblo, by the Atchison and Topeka Railroad. The last forty miles of the road would shiver springs even if constructed of Toledo blades — the ruts are thick as leaves and Vallambrosa. "Deep as draw — wells, and wide as church doors." The road, too, save in certain trysting - places, is merely wide enough for one team, and we were delayed for several hours while little difficulties as to cornerage were being adjusted, and the vexed problem of the inside track solved to the satisfaction of scores of drivers of scores of prairie - schooners.

I have done a good deal of mountain traveling, both in this country and Europe, and never had so much as a nerve wrung; but during my passage upwards to Leadville, there were moments when my heart beat backwards as the vehicle lurched over a yawning precipice of fathomless depth, or crushed against a grim, grey wall of solid rock ascending sheer to the sky - line. Again, too, the mules would become unmanageable, and, taking head, dash onwards, till, turning some acute angle or rock, the carriage would seemingly be whirled into space, while in front and in rear were other teams equally full of the "excelsior" as our own. In addition to this, our way was barred by enormous and cumbrous pieces of machinery being conveyed to El Dorado, the long strings of tugging mules completely blocking the indented road; and should a trace, or strap, or bolt yield, down would inevitably thunder the iron avalanche to our utter and total annihilation.

As we approached the town through the gulch, we could perceive, so clear and rarified is the atmosphere, the mountain sides beyond to be burrowed by the mineral - seeking moles.

As nearly as can be ascertained, some fifty of the mines in the Leadville district are now producing minerals at the average rate per day in tons as follows:

Little Pittsburg Company	80
Borden, Tabor & Co.	60
Argentine Group	30
Iron Mine	20

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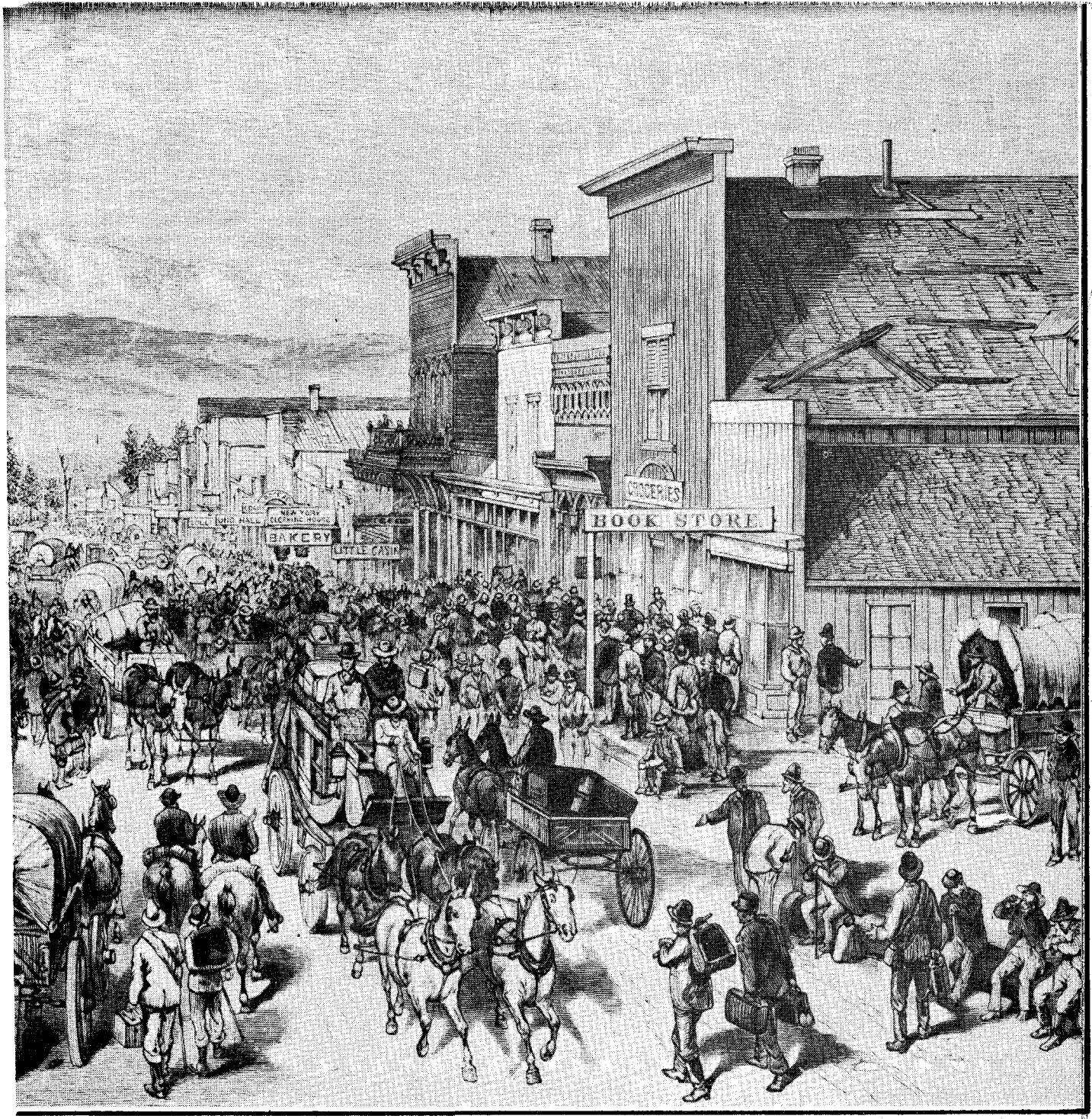

Adelaide	20
Little Chief	20
Double Decker	6
Dyer	5
Climax	3
Other mines	75
Total	319

At a low calculation the ore is worth $100 per ton, making the average yield of the operating mines $31,900 per day, or $223,300 per week. At this rate the product for the year will be $11,543,500, or over $2,000,000 more than the product of the entire State of Colorado for any previous year. If the other portions of the State yield as they did previous to the discovery of the Leadville deposits, the yield for the State for the current year will be almost $20,000,000, placing Colorado second only to Nevada as a precious mineral producer.

There is not a foot of ground within four miles of Leadville, in the direction where ore has been found, that is not now taken up. The region is one of extraordinary richness. There seems to be no limit either to the extent of the veins or to their inexhaustible value. New lodes are discovered nearly every day in the week, and the fortunes are made as if by magic. Within five miles of Leadville over two hundred "prospect holes" are being sunk, every one of which has turned up a yield, and it is believed that, so soon as the snow disappears, rich deposits will be discovered all over the place.

About five years ago, three miners struck upon an extraordinary "find," but from lack of means were unable to work the vein. They solicited the keeper of a grocery store in Leadville to assist them, offering him one - third as his share. The grocer had no money, but on condition of receiving one - third, gave them provisions to the amount of $17.50. A Californian recently offered $1,200,000 for this mine, and the offer was refused. The mine yields eighty tons of ore per day, at not less than $100 a ton. The fortunate grocer is now Lieutenant - Governor of the State, Mayor, and millionaire.,

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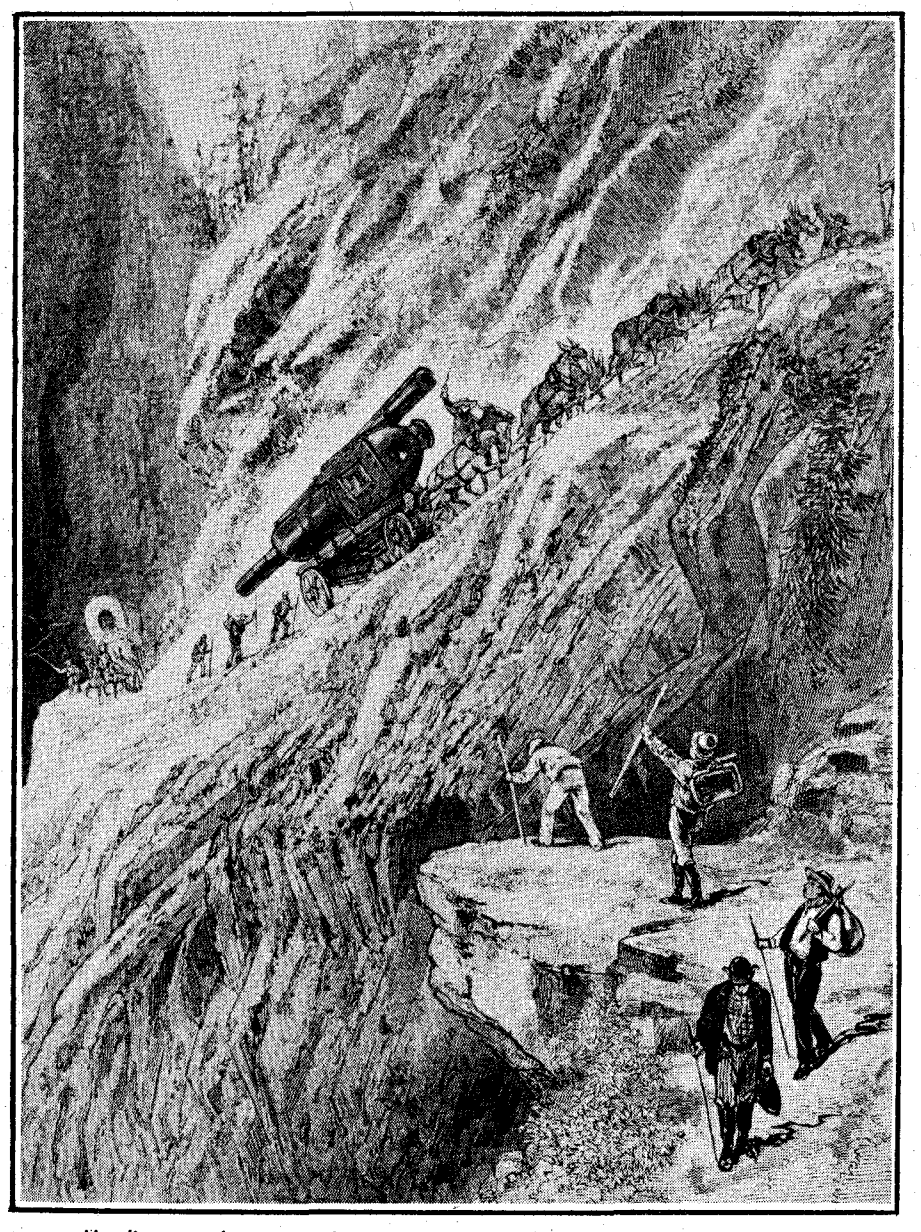
I arrived at Leadville about four o'clock on Sunday. The town was literally swarming with men, in the rough but picturesque costume of the mines, many wearing blood-red sashes round their waists. From the hotel window I counted eighteen saloons in one block. The crowd seemed both good-natured and jovial; almost everybody had plenty of money, and those who were without it knew that it lay within five miles of them, on deposit in its earthen bank.

The wages paid to miners is $4 per diem, and the arrivals are averaging 700 per week; rents are very high; a store-room, 25 x 50, on a main street, commands from $300 to $400 per month, while an office, 10 x 15, readily rents for $40 per month. The rudest, most uncomfortable log or slate cabin finds a ready occupant. Real estate, of course, is held at fabulous rates. A lot twenty-five by eighty feet on any of the main streets will sell for $1,000 to $1,500. A corner lot bought some time ago for $2,000; before the deed was drawn a Denver firm bought it from the purchaser at the price of $6,000, and it is now held at $10,000. The population is of the usual mixed character of mining towns. There are lawyers, doctors, clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, laborers, men of every class and condition. Mechanics of all kinds are finding ready employment at round figures, ranging from three and a half to five dollars a day.

At Leadville night is turned into day. I could not sleep one wink for pistol shots — the miners use their revolvers to express joy, sorrow, anger, surprise — singings and shoutings. It is but just to say that very few murders are committed; this I attribute to the paramount influence of the Mayor, who is a hail fellow well met with all his loyal burgesses.



Hauling machinery in the mountains, near the timber line, at Leadville.

The mine belonging to Mr. Stevens is in admirable order, and so well walled by boards that a lady can pass through it without so much as soiling a skirt. Considerable difficulty is experienced in "placing claims." When a miner strikes a vein he is compelled to file his claim at the proper office. Any informality may lead to some unscrupulous persons "jumping the claim," or taking the vein unto himself in the absence of the original discoverer. Miners go prospecting for a month. They take pots, pans, etc., and sling them upon the back of a mule, balancing them by flitches of bacon and blankets. They are thorough practical geologists, are these men, and I will back them to "spot" or against any of the most learned professors in our universities.

The water in Leadville is so bad that a supply has to be procured from some distance. The prevalence of diphtheria and pneumonia is ascribed to the impure condition of the water.

It amused me intensely to hear this sort of thing repeated from rosy morn to dewy eye.

"How is business?" a newcomer asks. "Business is fine," is the reply; "Come and take a drink." This sort of business, with eighteen saloons to one block, requires a head of hard quartz to carry it on.

The ore found at Leadville is richer than that at the Black Hills. A miner will drive in his pick and a piece a yard square will roll to his feet, containing sometimes as high as ninety-five per cent of ore. There is no difficulty experienced in separating the ore from the clay—the whole mass crumbles in the hand. There are several milling and melting establishments in full blast, and others are in course of erection. A miner told me the best kit for a man coming here to buy is a blue shirt, a pair of overalls and a blanket, naively adding, "We don't wear white shirts here, *for they shoot at them.*"

Leadville is very wicked; vice in its most civilized and most repugnant form is everywhere rampant. No woman is safe from insult if she walks about after dark. Leadville is a big bonanza to the tourist, while the surrounding country, to hunters and disciples of Izaak Walton, is, as it is to the toilers for wealth, a veritable El Dorado● **RW**

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By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

THE INDIAN MYSTERY DOG

The initial belief of the Indians that the horse was sacred not only gave the horse its name and place in the myths of many tribes, but explained the comparatively easy conquest of the Indians by those first adventurers who came on horseback. The first horses seen by the American Indians were those brought by the Spanish invaders, and these horses were an important factor in the conquest of the new land. Many Spanish cavaliers believed that, next to God, their horses were responsible for their victories in this new world, and they were partially right. When the Indians first saw the Spanish horsemen, they believed horse and rider were one and that the horse was immortal.

Some of the members of the Pueblo tribes of Arizona, when they first saw the horses of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. smeared their bodies with the sweat from the horses, believing this would help them gain some of the magic which the horses seemed to possess. In 1583, when Antonio de Espejo visited the Hopi of Arizona, he reported that cotton scarves were put on the ground for the horses to walk on.

It was only after the Indians learned that horse and rider could be killed by their arrows that they really started to fight back, and they lost their fear of the horse although they still considered the horse to be almost magical, and the name they called the horse illustrated this feeling. The Dakota called the horse *sanka wakan*, or 'mystery dog.' The Siksika called the horse *ponokamita*, or 'elk dog,' while the Cree called it *mistatim*, or 'big dog.' And for those tribes who adapted to the horse, it was a magical animal in the way it changed their living habits.

The Indians probably started using the horse from between 1680 to 1750, depending upon the area and tribe and how fast the horse spread throughout the west. By the time of the Pueblo revolt in 1680, these Indians had acquired horses, although there were few, if any, horses in Texas prior to 1690, and in California prior to 1769.

The Indians of the Southern Plains obtained their horses by catching and training wild horses, which had escaped their early Spanish masters and roamed free. Horses were also obtained from the Spanish who had been trading with the Southwestern Indians from Mexico. Too, as soon as the Indians lost their fear of the horse and realized their worth, they started making raids into Spanish territory to get more of these useful and magic - like animals. The tribes of the Northwest Coast received horses later and never had as many as the other tribes.

Horses were imported to the North Atlantic coast around the 17th century, and prior to 1736 the Iroquois were breeding them. The Plains tribes of Texas were using horses by 1690, and by 1850 the Comanche were boasting that the Great Spirit had made the horse for the benefit of the Comanche and the white man had obtained the horse from the Comanche — this in spite of the fact that many horses carried Spanish brands. The Ponca did have a legend saying they had received their horses from the Comanche. Whatever the legends as to where the horse came from the Indians had adopted many Spanish techniques in relation to the horse. One was the practice of mounting from the right hand side, a Spanish inheritance from the Moorish Arabs.

Around 1800 the Shoshoni, Kutenai and other tribes across the Rocky Mountains started obtaining their first horses. It is believed the Cheyenne first owned horses about 1780. It is hard to fix an accurate date as to when many of the Plains tribes first used horses because the tribes roamed about, and some seldom, if ever, had contact with other tribes in the days before the horse. The Pawnee are known to have had, and used horses for hunting, as early as the 18th century.

The horse undoubtedly changed the history of this continent as well as the culture of many Indian tribes. Before the arrival of the horse, many of the tribes were partly agricultural. However, this changed because with the use of the horse they could hunt the buffalo and other game. The new way of hunting assured the Indian a new standard of wealth and food, and the horse became a means of barter. With horses the warrior could buy a wife, or even trade - goods from the white man. Also a man's wealth began to be counted by the horses he owned. Thus horse stealing became a part of Indian life, and in turn this could add to a man's stature in some tribes, as the more horses a man could steal the better warrior he was considered. The law seemed to be that if one tribe stole from another, this tribe in return could steal from another tribe to replenish their supply, so it became a sort of war game and test of tribal skill. The Arikara Indians would trade horses to the white man for guns and powder, then raid the Sioux to replenish their traded horses.

One method of horse stealing was to enter the camp at night, wrapped in a buffalo robe, and disguised in this way, the Indian brave could then creep among the horses, cutting loose their hobbles until one had as many horses as he wanted, or something alerted the horse guard and the tribe. If this happened, the raiders would mount the stolen horses and, driving the others ahead, would try to escape in the night. Sometimes extra horses would be driven through the camp to add to the confusion. With the horse

(continued on page 50)

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LAST WORDS FROM

The author is a collector of the last words from those about to die. Alas, it turns out that few of them had any good ones for their executioners, but some of the things they uttered have a grisly humor under the circumstances. However, a schoolteacher in Hangtown, Cal., topped them all.

Archives, University of Wyoming

Cattle Kate, cattle rustler of southern Wyoming.

It would seem that a person standing on the scaffold, the hard knot of the nooses pressing his left ear, would have some words of wisdom to leave with the spectators of his punishment. And if not of wisdom, perhaps of repentance or regret. The penny sheets sold to the gaping crowd in an earlier time developed the myth. According to them, the criminal confessed with tears and prayers; he also urged others to avoid the path he had followed.

In reality, however, this seldom happens. I have for years collected the reported "last words" or acts of men about to be executed, and I find that most often the victim seems to enjoy his place in the public eye. Often he tries to put on a "show," or he is concerned over some trivial matter. And this is true not only here in our West — which offers plenty of examples — but all over the world.

For example, Mary Blandy of Oxford England was to be executed for the murder of her father. As she mounted the gallows' steps she turned to a guard and begged, "Do not hang me high, for modesty's sake!" Similarly, in southern Wyoming, 230 years later, Cattle Kate's request was, "Please tie my skirts tight around my ankles."

Those amateur executioners paid no attention to this plea, even though binding the ankles was common practice. In fact, neither Kate nor her companion in crime and in death, Jim Averil, were bound at all. A stiff Wyoming wind was blowing, and the two swung about like rag dolls, arms and legs flailing in a grotesque parody of the dance while the improperly fastened noose permitted them to scream, "No! No! No!"

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THE SCAFFOLD

By Olive W. Burt

Wyoming cattlemen could not abide rustlers, and the big stockmen, the owners of large herds, had little use for the small rancher. The infamous Johnson County War grew out of the antagonism between these groups, with the stockmen not always careful to verify their suspicions of rustling activity.

And so it came about that two men, Nate Champion and Nick Ray, met their death. Whether they were ranchers or rustlers makes little difference now. The two took refuge in a small cabin, where they were surrounded by a large "posse." Nick was killed by a gunshot, but Nate stood off the attackers from dawn till nightfall. Then the posse set the cabin afire and Nate had to run for it. On the way he, too, was felled by a bullet. In a pocket was found a small diary, in which he had recorded the day's doings, hour by hour. The final scrawl in the "bloodstained diary" said, "The house is now all fired. Goodbye, boys, if I never see you again."

Another Wyoming rustler was given a necktie party by a group of vigilantes. Just before the wagon was driven out from under him, he looked at the sweaty executioners and said, "I'm sorry, fellows, to put you to all this trouble. But I reckon hanging men like me is the only way to clean up the country."

Wyoming was not only troubled with cattle rustlers. Road agents and bandits made their headquarters in the isolated valley in southern Johnson County where the Hole in the Wall ranch gave them shelter. Here such outlaws as Butch Cassidy, Black Jack Ketchum and Flat Nose George Curry time and again escaped their pursuers. No one, so far as I have been able to discover, ever recorded the last words of Butch. The place and manner of his dying are, even today, in dispute. But Black Jack went out with bravado. It is said that he looked over the crowd and remarked to the sheriff, "It's a good crowd for the show. Let's give 'em their money's worth!" And Flat Nose George didn't have a chance for any last words when Sheriff Jess Tyler shot him from behind.

It was the road agent, rather than the rustler, that bedeviled Montana. Headed by Henry Plummer, the elected marshal of Nevada City, the Plummer gang robbed treasure coaches, murdered their enemies, and played fast and loose with the women of the Territory. They were rough and tough and bawdy, but not actually very brave, as they proved when caught.

Jack Gallagher, one of the prominent members of the gang, stood on the scaffold, weeping and shouting, "I hope the forked lightning will strike every strangling bastard of you!" till the box was jerked from under his feet and his curses ended in a gurgle.

Club-foot George begged to see his mistress one last time but was told, "No, by God! Bringing women to an execution played out in '63!" That was when a band of weeping do-gooders managed to save the murderers of Deputy Dillingham at Alder Gulch.

Buck Stinson fell on his knees, weeping and declaring he was too wicked to die. As he saw another of the gang, Ned Ray, swinging in the wind, Buck stopped weeping long enough to cry out, "There goes poor Ned Ray!"

Plummer himself yanked off the black tie which was almost his trademark. He tossed it to a young cowhand standing near the gallows and said, "Take it to remember me by. I don't need it. They're giving me a stouter one!"

John Keene, who ran messenger for the gang, showed more courage. His last words were, "goodby, boys. God bless you! You are on a good undertaking."

Archives, University of Wyoming

Jim Averil, Cattle Kate's partner in cattle rustling in southern Wyoming.

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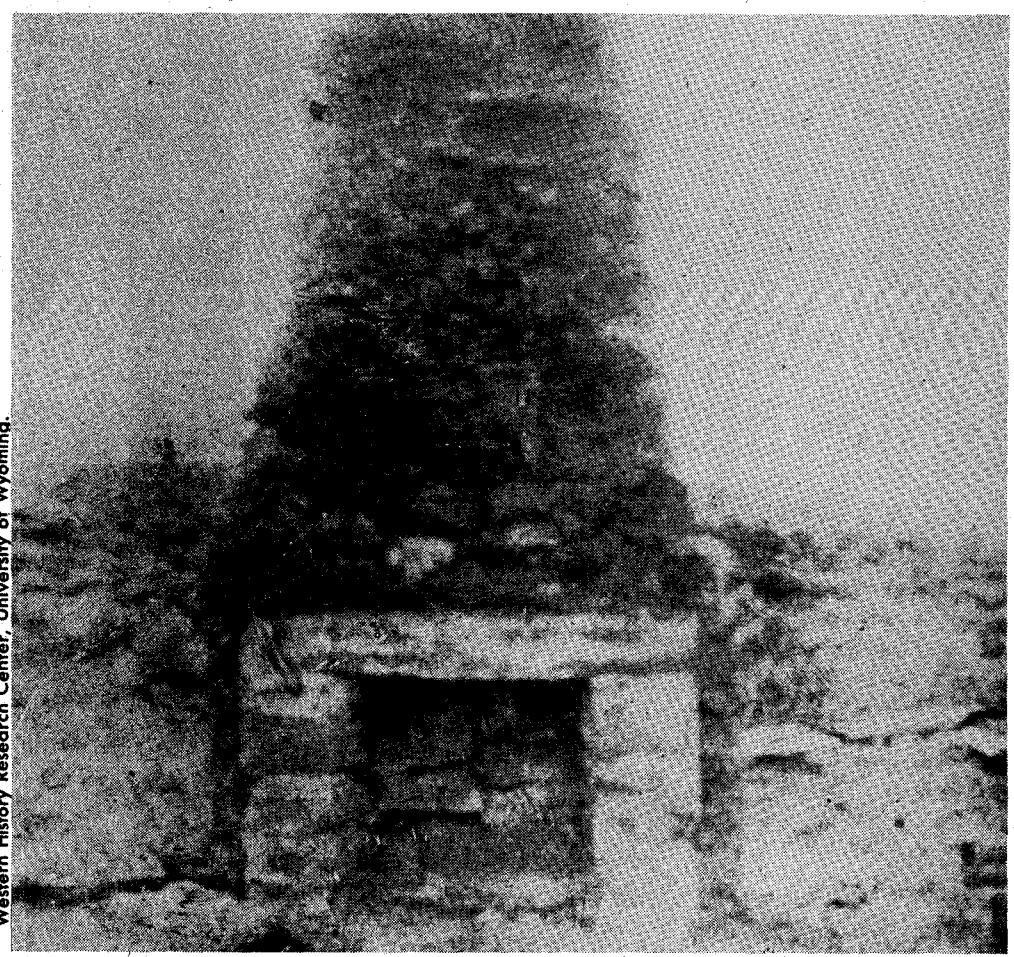
Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming.

At the execution of Tom Horn in Cheyenne the crowd of spectators was so great that troops were called in to control it.

Tom Horn, marshal and Pinkerton - agent - turned - rustler, was executed in Cheyenne on a "Julian gallows." This was a sort of Rube Goldberg contraption on which the trap was sprung by means of water dropping on it from a pail suspended above the yard arm. The prisoner, his head shrouded in a black cloth, waited while the dripping water sounded like gunshots in the breathlessly still room. Finally Horn asked through the muffling cloth, "What's the matter? Getting nervous I might tip over?" But enough water had dripped down. The trap doors fell apart, and Tom Horn's body swung in the space.

Rustlers and road agents were not the only westerners to dance in the wind. At Hangtown, California in 1854, Dr. J.B. Crane, a school teacher, was to be hanged for the murder of one of his pupils. Claiming his right to make a last statement, he began to sing to the tune of "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton." His verses told why he killed the girl. The song ended:

I killed Susan Newham, as you have heard tell.
I killed her because that I loved her too well.
I am eager to go to that far, happy land



Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming.

Remains of the fireplace in the cabin where Nick Ray was killed and Nate Champion withstood an ambush.

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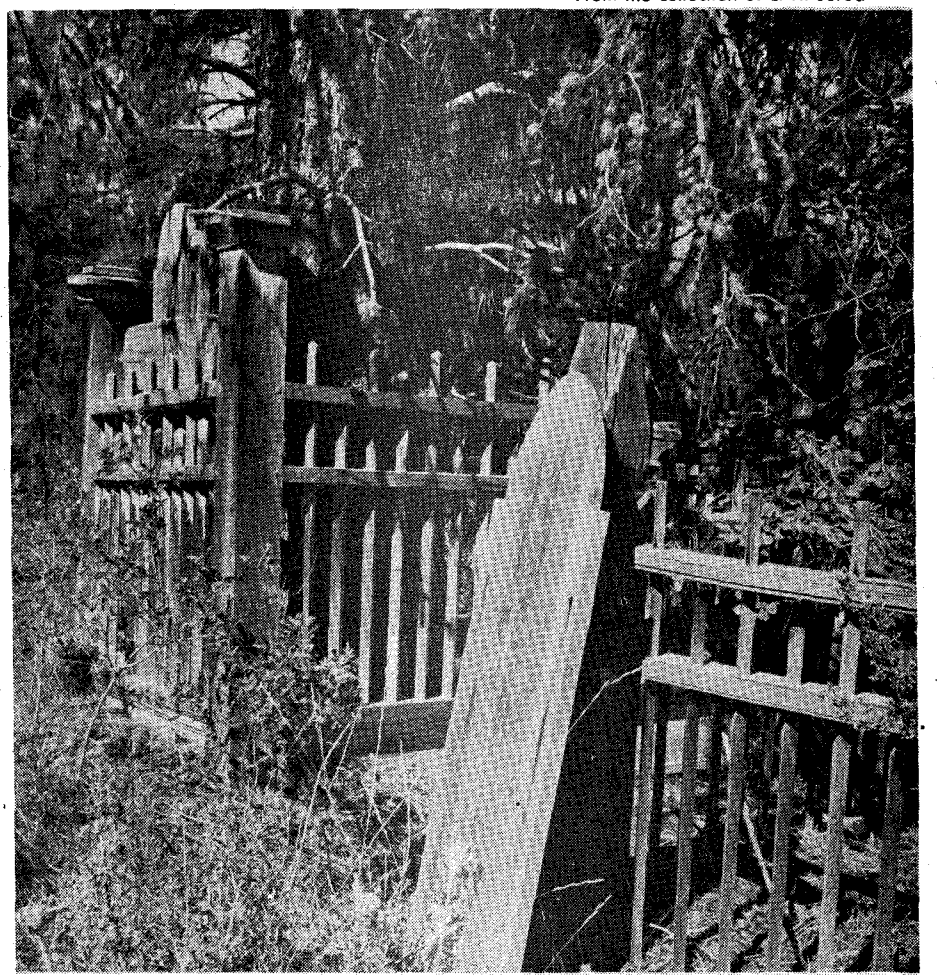
And take my dear Susan again by the hand.

Nearby the singing man, another murderer, Mickey Free, was awaiting the drop. But Crane's performance so pleased Mickey that he demanded time to do a dance. The loose floor boards of the wagon box rattled dreadfully as he nimbly leaped and pirouetted. It is said that the jig continued long after the wagon was driven away.

In Virginia City, Nevada, a general holiday was declared so that everyone could witness the hanging of John Millain, the accused murderer of Julia Bulette, "Queen of the Constock girls." Millain came to his execution riding in an elegant barouche, the kind of carriage affected by Presidents for their journey to their inaugurals. He was dressed in the latest fashion and was accompanied by a company of the National Guard. Standing on the well-built gallows, for this was a prepared event with bleachers for the spectators — the accused spoke in a clear, ringing voice. He thanked the ladies who had supplied him with fried chicken, homemade cake and preserves during his days in prison. Then he smiled and bowed; the trap was sprung, and another man went to his final rest.

(continued on page 52)

From the collection of L. H. Jorud



It is in abandoned and neglected cemeteries like this one at Idaho City, Idaho, that the searcher finds the most interesting epitaphs.

Archives, University of Wyoming

The tree from which Cattle Kate and her partner, Jim Averil, were hanged.

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COURTSHIP OF GRANDPA AND GRANDMA

By Xanthus Carson

The courtship of Grandpa and Grandma and the rules of etiquette that guided them on the love-lorn trail were certainly matters different from what transpires today.

Back in those days around the turn of the century, making love to Grandma was not a simple matter — not like a mini-age affair, by any means. It required lots of preparation. Poor Grandpa had to delve into piles of hardback etiquette to prepare to even meet Grandma properly. Then afterwards he had to be constantly on his toes to properly conduct himself, or else he'd "be out in the cold!"

Whether this courtship occurred on the western cattle ranges, the parlor of a frontier homestead, in a trapper's log cabin with the family, back end of a covered wagon rumbling across the prairie, or in distinguished New York or Philadelphia social circles, it all measured up to about the same.

One of the most popular etiquette books that guided Grandpa and Grandma on this courtship journey was authored by Joseph D. McCabe. The hardback volume, *The National Encyclopedia of Business and Social Forms,* was a big seller around the turn of the century. It guided social life in every city and every neck of the woods for decades.

James D. McCabe

Grandpa in this scene could be proposing to Grandma!

The author told Grandpa and Grandma, when they launched upon the tumultuous sea of love to marry, in equal positions, above all things. He said if a difference should exist in their social position, the husband should be the superior. He contended that a woman did not like to look down upon her husband, saying that anything contrary to this would constitute "a poor guarantee for their happiness."

Further text cautioned the wooers that they should marry in their own faith and religious convictions, "unless one or the other is willing to adopt those of the other." McCabe's popular etiquette vowed that a difference of faith would divide families, "and produce great trouble in life. A pious woman should beware of marrying an irreligious man."

What a careful study these old-time lovers had to make when selecting a lifelong companion, if they followed McCabe's advice! To further review the rules that governed the courtship and marriage of Grandpa and Grandma:

"Sickly persons should not marry persons similarly afflicted. A healthy girl, as a rule should not marry a man in bad health. Besides burdening herself with the care of an invalid, she is apt to be left a widow at any time.

"A wife cannot bring greater fortune to her husband than good, robust health; and so with the husband."

Then both Grandpa and Grandma alike were told not "to be afraid of marrying a poor man or woman. Good health, cheerful dispositions, stout hearts and industrious hands, will bring great happiness and comfort..."

More serious thoughts were heaped upon both Grandpa and Grandma about hereditary circumstances. These were ample enough to completely overshadow Grandpa's love intentions and cause him to think he could as well been in a livery stable, vainly trying to outsmart the town's shrewd trader in a horse swap. But this was the teaching they had.

"It is well to reflect upon the qualities of the parents of your intended, as their children are apt to inherit their traits. As a rule, cousins by blood should not marry. She who blames you during courtship will scold you after marriage.

"Be careful how you marry into a family afflicted with insanity or any hereditary disease. It may appear in your children."

A few paragraphs further, the writer gave Grandpa and Grandma something else to think about: "Those who are medium in complexion, etc., who are neither dark nor light, large nor small, tall nor short, lean nor fat, etc., may marry those who are medium, or nearly like themselves in

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Author's family album

Xystus and Minnie Lou Carson, the author's parents, at marriage in 1900. "Xystus never kissed me before marriage," the author's mother told him, "because Daddy said this was ugly!" Minnie Lou's father was a frontier Baptist preacher.

these respects. Thus, those whose hair is neither dark nor light, but about midway between both, may marry those who are a shade darker, or even black or bright red, as they fancy, or as other circumstances may favor most, the complexion being not especially material; yet the darker one is, the lighter his or her companion should be."

Apparently, in that day and time love made no difference when choosing a husband or wife!

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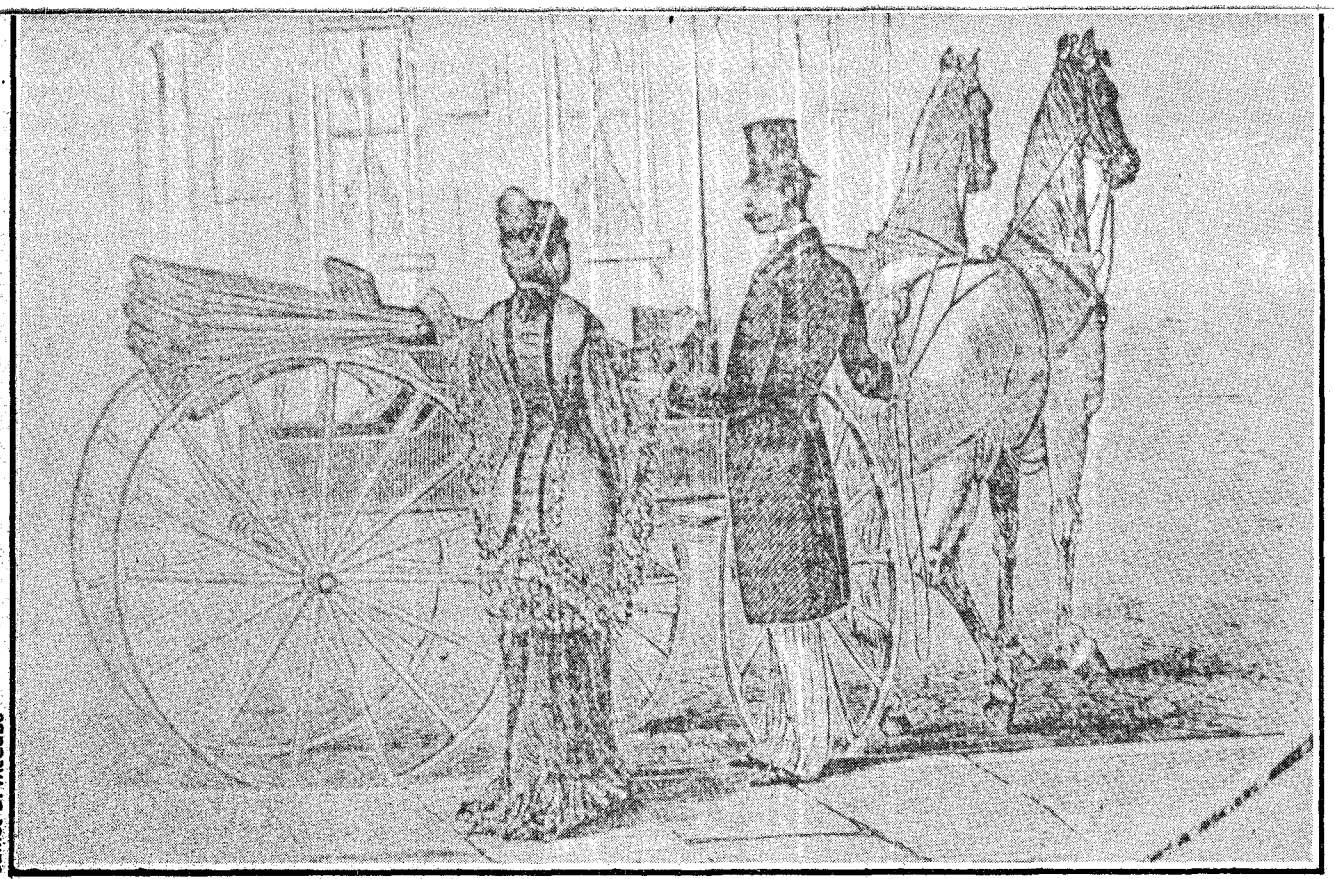

James D. McCabe

Grandpa escorts Grandma to the buggy for a ride.

"Bright red hair should marry jet black, and jet black auburn, or bright red, etc. And the more red-faced and bearded or impulsive a man, the more dark, calm, cool and quiet should his wife be; and *vice versa.* The florid should not marry the florid, but those who are dark in proportion as they themselves are light.

"Red-whiskered men should marry brunettes, but not blondes; the color of their whiskers being more determinate of the temperament than that of the hair.

"The color of the eyes is still more important. Gray eyes must marry some other color, almost any color, except gray; and so of blue, dark, hazel, etc.

"Those very fleshy should not marry equally so, but those too spare and slim; and this is doubly true of females. A spare man is much better adapted to a fleshy woman than a round favored one. Two who are short, thick-set and stocky, should not unite in marriage, but should choose those differently constituted; but on no account one of their own make. And, in general, those predisposed to corpulence are therefore less inclined to marriage.

"Those with little hair or beard should marry those whose hair is naturally abundant; still, those who once had plenty, but have lost it, may marry those who are either bald or have but little; for in this, as in all other cases, all depends on what one is by *nature,* little or present states.

"Those whose motive temperament decidedly predominates, who are bony, only moderately fleshy, quiet prominent-featured, Roman-nosed and muscular, should not marry those similarly formed, but those either sanguine or nervous, or a compound of both; for, being more strong than susceptible or emotional, they both require that their own emotions should be partially prompted by an emotional companion, and that their children also be endowed with the emotional from the other parent. That is, those who are cool should marry those who are impulsive and susceptible.

"Small nervous men must not marry little nervous or sanguine women, lest both they and their children have quite too much of the hot-headed and impulsive, and die suddenly. Generally ladies who are small are therefore eagerly sought by the large. Of course this general fact has its exceptions. Some are small hereditarily, others rendered so by extra action in some form, over-study, or over-work; because during growth their intense nervous systems consumed energy faster than their weak vital could manufacture it, which dwarfed their stature.

"Two very beautiful persons rarely do or should marry, nor two extra homely. The fact is a little singular that very handsome women, who of course can have their pick, rarely marry good-looking men, but generally give preference to those who are homely; because that exquisiteness in which beauty originates naturally blends with that power which accompanies huge noses and dispositionate features.

"Rapid movers, speakers, laughers, etc., should marry those who are calm and deliberate, and impulsives those who are stoical; while those who are medium may marry those who are either or neither, as they prefer.

"Masculine women, who inherit their father's looks, stature, appearance, and, physique mainly, should give preference to men who take most after their mother, physically; whilst women cast strongly after their mother should marry those men in whom the masculine form and physiology superabound.

"Noses indicate characters by indicating the organisms and temperaments. Accordingly, those noses especially marked either way should marry those having opposite nasal characteristics. Roman noses are adapted to those which turn up, and pug noses to those turning down; whilst straight noses may marry either."

With this list of widely accepted etiquettes Grandpa and Grandma

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one day in youth found themselves on the conquest for a marriageable companion.

While engaged in the screening process, no doubt Grandma scrutinized Grandpa very carefully on that first date, as he jumped from his horse, alighted from a buggy, or strolled up from the street from a street-car terminal on his way to Grandma's parlor.

Prior to this they had probably been introduced at a community gathering, a corn-husking, log-rolling, candy-pulling, box supper at the local school house or church where Grandpa had the chance to sample the prized cooking of the one he had his eye on.

These meetings could also have occurred on Easter egg hunts, church socials, all day singing and dinner on the ground, harvest-time hay rides, and just any number of other events that are not functions of today's courtship.

During the love-life ventures of the good old days, when both were keenly alert for a marriage companion, Grandpa and Grandma had been advised to "marry!" Grandma had been told "the moment he solicits your hand in whose care you can surely place the guardianship of your future; and remember that a few years more or less between you constitute a point of little comparative importance."

Grandpa had been told: "Marry, sir, as soon as you are persuaded that you have encountered a steady, affectionate, tidy, industrious woman, and you know that you have the love, the judgment, and the resources to make her a happy and contented companion."

These souls had been told something else, too: "The match should be arranged sufficiently long not to curtail the dear girl of one of the happiest periods of her life, and yet long enough for hope deferred to have subdued both in waiting, and for kindly hearts to feel qualm of commiseration at seeing them always in public meekly linked to one another."

A courtship followed the acquaintance. This usually lasted several months. Sometimes years! Then Grandpa proposed to Grandma, which was referred to as being "a delicious moment in a woman's life, when she hears from the lips of the favored one the avowal that he loves her, and when he entreats her to become his own — his wife!"

Grandpa did the proposing, with lots of advice haunting him: "A proposal should always be the result of second thoughts. It is only a fool who suffers himself to be led into putting the rest of his life in jeopardy on the spur of the moment."

Likewise Grandma would not have gone along with a sudden avowal and a reckless proclamation from Grandpa, because she had been told that "no prudent woman would consent to accept an offer of marriage at the hands of a man whom she had only known for a few days or weeks."

Proposals were made in various environs, like the parlor, often romantic occasions during countryside picnics, park benches, letters couriers, and such other ways. First-person proposals were considered most favored, because "a man can tell his love so much better than he can write it."

Grandpa's offer of marriage and Grandma's acceptance did not end the conquest. Etiquette demanded that Granpa ask Papa for Grandma. Then there was a difference of opinion as to just how this should be done.

In certain localities the most accepted practice was for the young man to ask the parent for the young lady he'd chosen to be his wife. He ap-

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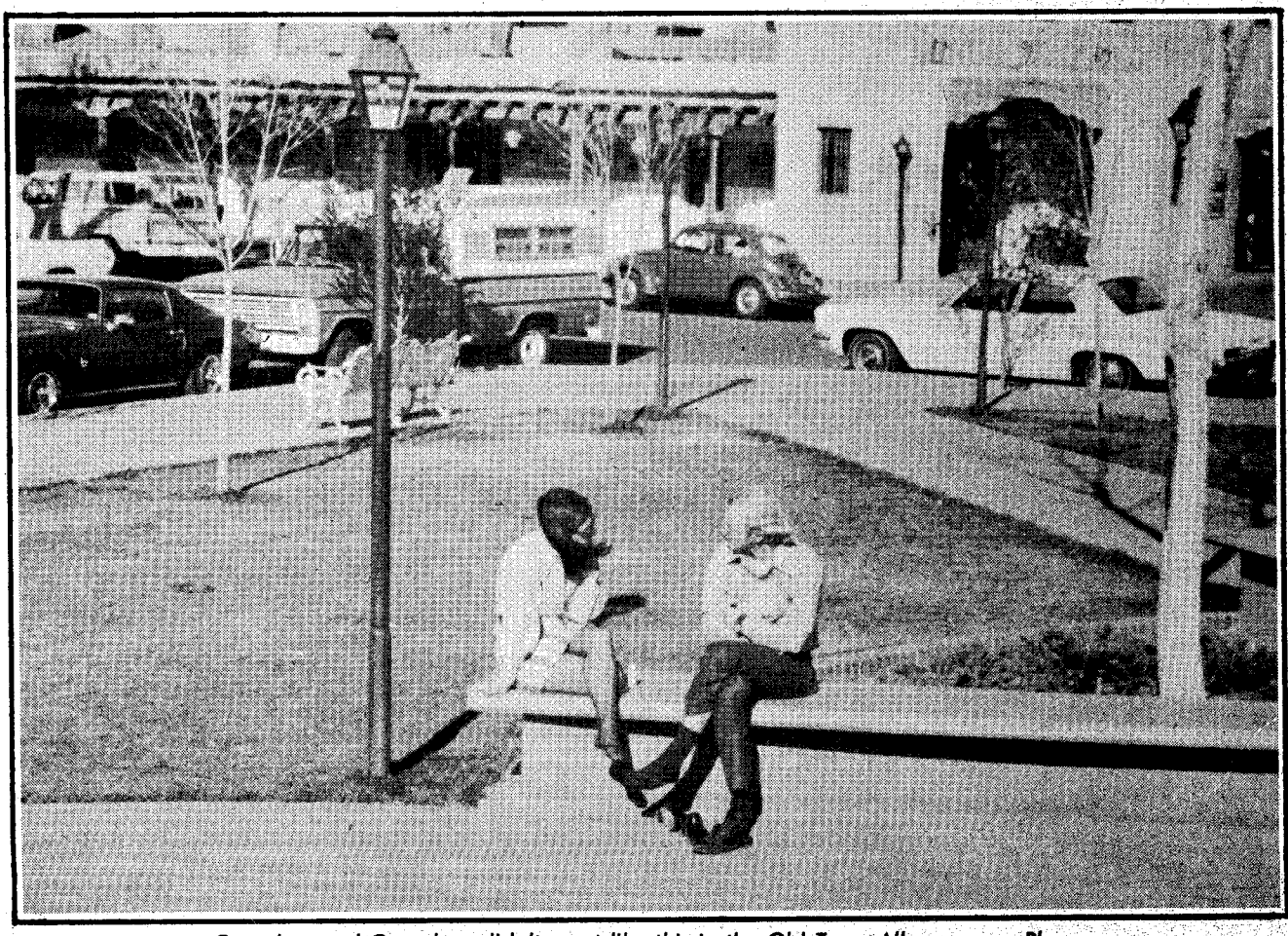

Photo of couple made by the author in Old Town Albuquerque, 1971.

Grandpa and Grandma didn't court like this in the Old Town Albuquerque Plaza.

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WHO ROBBED THE STORE At Westpoint, Mo.?

By Carl W. Breihan

On the evening of Dec. 11, 1873, two courteous young men visited the small country store of Bryant and Chandler. They proceeded to rob the owners very methodically, and as customers straggled in they were in for a big surprise. Everyone in Missouri considered this to be another crime by the James boys.

It had snowed all night and Zeke Edwards was disgusted with it. Zeke lived in Harrisonville, Missouri, and was one of the first old - timers to visit the general store every morning to mull over the news.

"Dadburnit," he complained to himself, "this snow'll sure mess up our chatting today if it don't let up. Sure hope some of the boys'll be at the store today."

Cass County was all set for Christmas; the snow had transformed the bleak countryside into a sparkling sea of white, beautiful to behold. It was December 12, 1873; not much had happened in the way of excitement to give the old fellows something to discuss and to argue about.

Zeke scratched his bewhiskered chin as he bundled a large shawl around his neck and laced up his boots.

"M-m-m-m, last thing we had to talk about was the James boys robbin' the Ste. Geneviene bank in May and then their first train robbery in July. Golly, something's gotta happen to liven up things around here."

So, muttering to himself, Zeke trudged out of the house into the snow - covered street of the town, the same place where the Younger brothers had been raised, Harrisonville, Missouri. He made his way to Burns' General Store.

Zeke was only halfway up the slippery wooden steps leading to the room containing the red-hot, pot - bellied stove, when some of his pals rushed out to greet him, one of the men waving a newspaper dated December 12th.

"Zeke, they did it again. Hurry up, get inside, we've a lot to talk about," he was urged.

"Who did what?" Zeke wanted to know.

"The James boys, who else? They hit a store not far from this very place. C'mon, get comfortable and we'll see what gives."

"How'd you know they were the Jameses?" questioned Zeke.

"From the descriptions, you dummy. Don't talk so much, we want to get the story straight; then we can really bite into it."

Were the James boys responsible for the latest bold robbery in Cass County? Most people believed so, especially from the descriptions and ages of the men, as expressed by the victims. Some of the ex-Quantrillians who had ridden with Jesse and Frank James simply said it was something the boys had to do to exist. They thought it was a great thing to hear about and to read about the daring exploits of their former riding partners.

Just as the people remarked after the outlaw Cleveland rode into Kansas City during the war with fifteen followers, right under the nose of Colonel Jennison and his 7th Kansas regiment: "it's just a little incident of the war," the folks of Cass County, more or less, felt the same way: "it's just another incident in the life of the James boys."

And when Jesse and Frank rode up the gate at the Kansas City Fair and robbed it of its proceeds, the people said, "it's just the indignation of the people against the carpetbaggers and crooked bankers." Oddly enough, such incidents were forgotten in short order, with the old - timers smacking their lips, awaiting news of greater events.

Little has been known about this robbery which occurred on the evening of December 11, 1873; less has been written about it. This bold robbery reads like a romance of old feudal times, and an achievement which would have put Dick Turpin and Claude Duval to shame. The robbery took place on the border of Missouri, some thirty - five miles south of Kansas City.

Mr. Bryant and Mr. Chandler were the proprietors of a small country store and dry-goods outlet, located south of Grand River and a few miles from the little town of Westpoint, Missouri. It was a nice little store, serving the farmers of the area, and was located at the crossroads about a half-mile east of the Kansas State line.

It has just begun to snow as the shades of evening fell, casting grotesque and varied shapes across the countryside, when two strangers rode up to the store hitchrack. They were young men, apparently between twenty - four and twenty - eight years of age. One was a fair - complexioned man wearing light whiskers; the other, rather younger, had dark hair and sported a moustache and an imperial beard. One man was around five feet eight or nine inches tall and the other about five feet eleven or over six feet tall. Mr. Bryant said it was difficult to remember, but it was certain one man was much taller than the other. The oldest man wore a brown chinchilla overcoat, the youngest wore a soldier's overcoat, and both had their black felt hats pulled down over their foreheads.

Mr. Bryant was alone in the store at the time, and due to the sudden snow and cold, with the closest house four or five hundred yards away, he did not expect any local callers at that time. The two young men walked up to the stove to warm themselves. They entered into a pleasant conversation with Mr. Bryant and appeared to be well acquainted with that part of the country. They asked to see some woolen scarfs, finally selected one, paid for it, and turned to the stove.

(continued on page 54)

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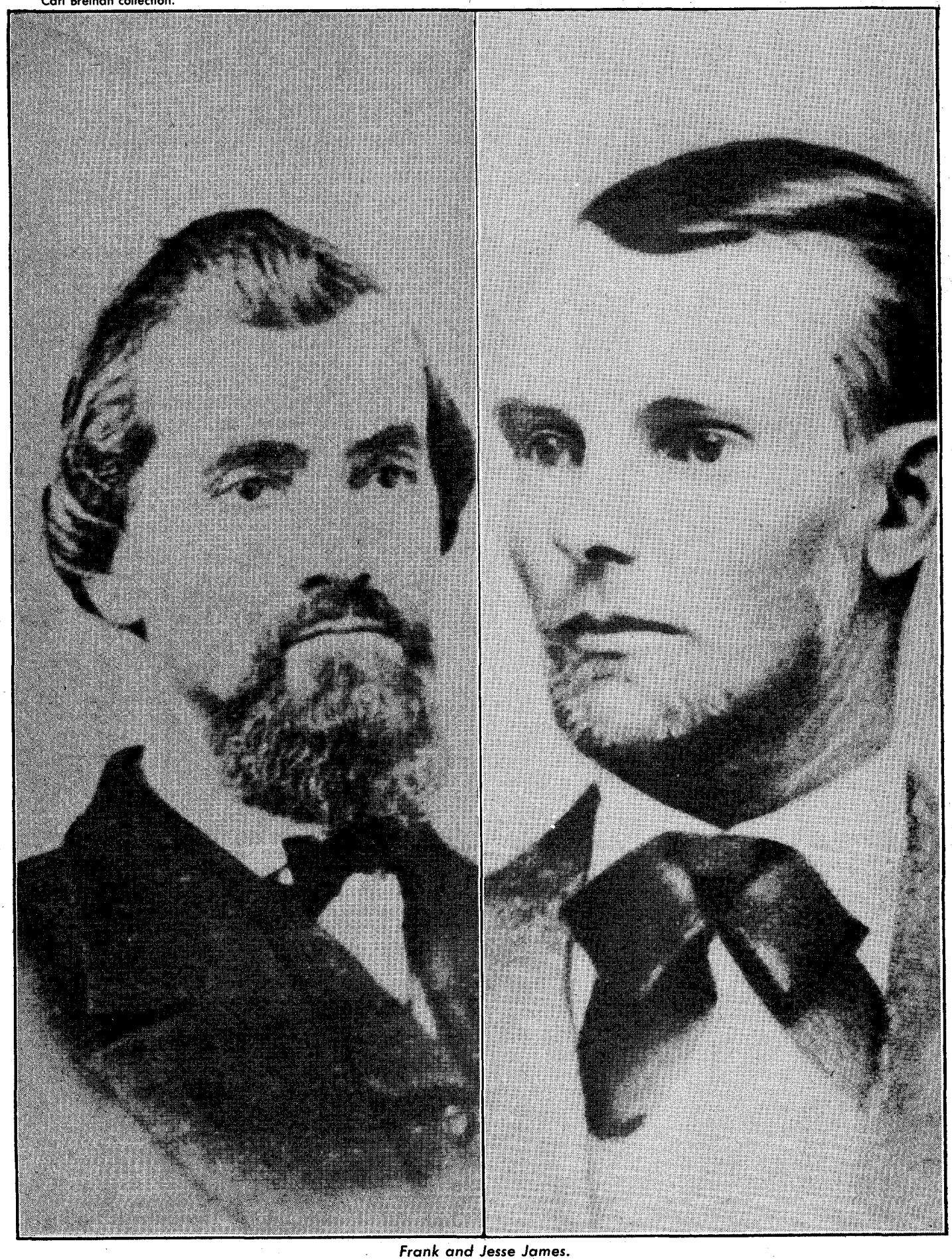
Carl Breihan collection.



Frank and Jesse James.

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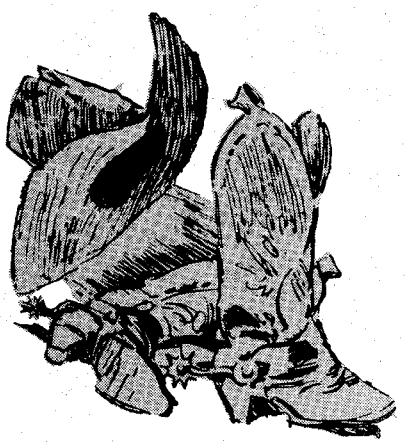
ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Some of our correspondents are confusing the two cowboy jobs of line rider and fence rider, so our lead paragraph for this month will delineate between the two. The task of a fence rider is to keep barbed - wire fences in repair. He rides slowly alongside the fence, looking for broken or loose wires, weak or fallen posts, missing staples, and gaps big enough to allow cattle to get through, including open or damaged gates. He carries tools and supplies to allow him to make repairs on the spot. A line rider, on the other hand, is not restricted to riding along a prescribed route, he can take a new route every day, inside the boundaries of his boss' territory. He looks at everything pertaining to the welfare of the cattle: condition of the watering places and grazing land, weak animals that have to be tended to, frozen water holes that must be chopped with axes, drifting cattle that have to be headed back, and the worse the weather the more the problems, so the more he has to ride. The job of a line rider is hard, lonely and monotonous and entails long hours, and when the day is done he must cook for himself. Sometimes two men are assigned to ride line, but since they cover different areas, they only meet at night, but that's some comfort.



Q. I recently obtained a copy of MANSE JOLLY, a novel by Garet W. Earle. Do you have any information on him? Have you read BLOODLETTERS AND BADMEN by Jay Robert Nash? Margaret - Anne Moore, Wilmington, Calif.
A. You've struck us out, Miss Moore. We haven't read or heard of either. We suspect (and we're sometimes wrong) that Manse Jolly is a fictional character, as he does not appear in any of our Western historical references. As for *Bloodletters,* it may be a new book, and if it is, we'll get it. It sounds excellent.

Q. What can you tell me about the Mormon Cow War? J. Kelpe, Corpus Christi, Texas.
A. It wasn't much of a war, more of an extended skirmish, and it happened in 1854. Three young Sioux braves killed and ate a lame cow they found wandering; it had been abandoned by its white owner who, when he found what happened, suddenly realized how valuable the animal was to him. He complained to the nearby fort commandant, who talked to the chief, Bear That Scatters. The chief, wishing no trouble, offered $10 for the cow; the owner insisted on $25. The chief refused. A lieutenant J. L. Gratton, with 30 men and 2 cannon (and with no authority), confronted the tribesmen, gunfire ensued, the chief was killed, and the enraged Indians killed all the soldiers but one.

Q. I read where Indians used to disrupt the railroad by bending the rails. How in the world could they bend this massive piece of metal? V. Koerr, Muskogee, Okla.
A. By heating it.

Q. I think it is exemplary and inspiring to think that the Lewis and Clark expedition through their hardships for a period of over two years without indulging in whisky and women. They don't make men like that any more. L. Chabbeau, Gretna, La.
A. It is inspiring to think so and we really hate to disillusion you, but it's just not true. They had plenty of whisky with them throughout their journey, and the tribes were very generous with their women.

Q. With their healthy way of life, what did the mountain men die of, except for old age? B. Hawkins, Omaha, Neb.
A. In addition to old age they succumbed to accidents, Indians, wild beasts, other mountain men and, when infrequently mingling with the general population, they caught diseases like ordinary folk. Even in their sylvan retreats they were susceptible to rheumatism, and a sickness peculiar to their way of life called "mal de vache," caused by eating too much fat meat.

Q. Please settle an argument. A friend says Kit Carson was illiterate. How could a brigadier general be illiterate? C. Arnold, Bismarck, N. D.
A. He was made a brigadier general because of talents other than literacy. Actually, he could barely write his name.

Q. How did Satanta, the Kiowa chief, die? D. Lahoud, Eau Claire, Wisc.
A. He jumped from a prison window and landed on his head.

Q. Was Benjamin Harrison, the mountain man, related to the president? E. Diaz, Carlsbad, N. M.
A. Ben Harrison was the son of one president and uncle of another. Unfortunately he was a drunkard, embarrassing to his family, which was why he was sent West.

Q. Some moving pictures show early Western towns neat and tidy, others show them as pretty bad. How were they actually? F. LeDeaux, Topeka, Kansas.
A. Actually they were a mess. They were dirty, and so were most of the cowpokes. Horses, of which, of course, there were plenty, created plentiful cesspools of excrement and urine which in turn created flies and bad odors. Oxen contributed to the general evil. There were no municipal sanitary facilities, and after a rain the streets were filled with a stinking yellow - brown ooze. A writer describes an 18-inch morass on the main street of Leadville, Colorado. Such messes seeped into the drinking water.

Q. Teddy Roosevelt was a Western enthusiast and my favorite president. He represents to me the wholesome spirit of the West. In your readings, did you ever find anything detrimental about him? G. Coxe, Cedar Falls, Iowa.
A. We dislike demolishing reputations of heroes. However, no man is perfect, each man is the product of his times. Roosevelt was an exceptional man, but he thought as most of the leaders of his era did. For instance, the horse - trolley drivers of New York worked a 16-hour day, 6 days a week for $12 a week. They wanted to work a 12-hour day, to us a most reasonable request. Teddy, who was a New York State assemblyman at the time, denounced the request as "communistic." ●RW

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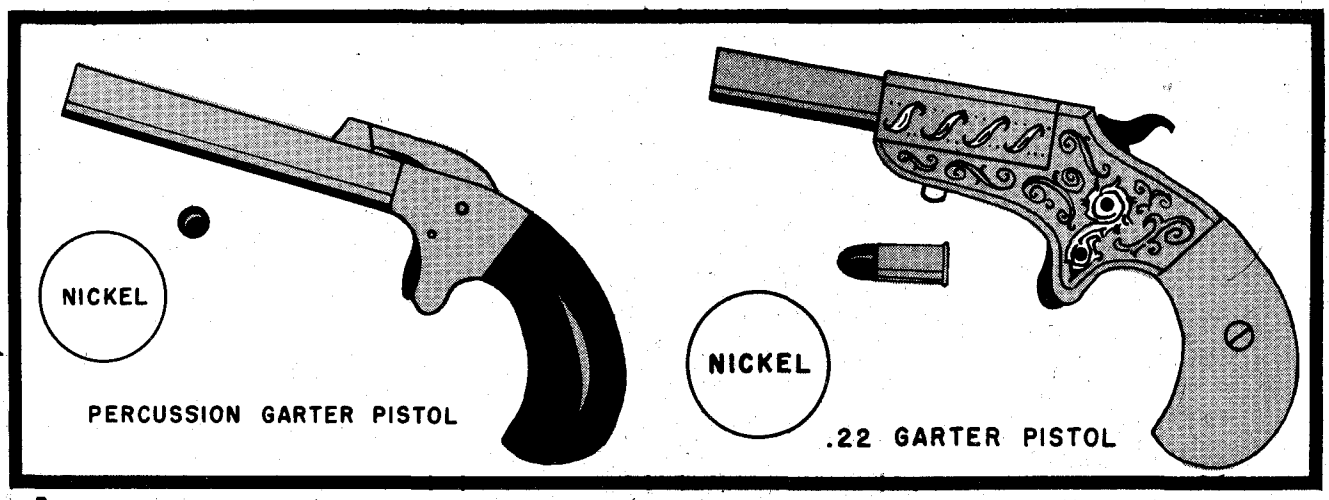
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman

"GARTER" AND "MUFF" PISTOLS



Sketched by author

All of the well-armed and proficient gun toters on the western frontier were not men, by any means. This was a case where the female of the species was sometimes deadlier than the male.

During the period after the Civil War and through the 1880's, particularly, a number of the fair sex became as well - known on the frontier as any of their male counterparts.

The bandit queen, Belle Starr, favored full - sized sixshooters. Her photos invariably show a holstered revolver, usually with a white bone grip.

Calamity Jane also liked these large belt guns, while Big Nose Kate often carried a Hammond Bulldog .44 single - shot pistol. It was a bullet from a Hammond just like hers which finally caught up with Kate.

There were similar exceptions, but most of the ladies preferred something smaller and more concealable for social occasions.

After the invention of the percussion system, there developed a special class of pistols which filled this demand exactly. Even smaller than the compact derringers, these were known variously as "garter" or "muff" pistols. Although such tiny arms generally were not very lethal unless the shot was placed precisely, the psychological advantage of being armed still existed. Oddly enough "a gun was a gun," and a man would quail before an arm of a potency which would be laughed at today.

Later on, as metallic cartridge breech - loaders were developed, these tiny pistols were chambered for the .22 short rimfire cartridge. Many people had sublime faith in this new cartridge, a faith which was strengthened every time someone managed to get himself killed with one.

The ladies of the evening, the dance - hall hostesses and some well - known feminine dealers at the gambling tables, all were fairly sure to have a tiny hide - out tucked away somewhere. Often the little persuader was underneath the full skirt, held by a lace and flowered elastic garter.

These miniature arms were made by many companies, including such leading firms as Remington. Due to their intended purpose, engraving was the rule rather than the exception. Grips were usually of pearl, ivory or genuine ebony, and even more exotic materials were sometimes used on the ornate arms. The fancier examples, particularly, are today highly desirable items for the collector of western memorabilia. Not too many of the smaller - sized ones have survived the years, and their rarity has caused values to skyrocket.

Earlier examples are made on the muzzle - loading percussion system, and are most often single shot. Although double - barreled pistols or other multi - shots models are known, that additional bulk causes some collectors to class these as small pocket pistols rather than as true garter guns. Every effort was made to keep them light of weight, compact and extremely flat, with no projections to catch in the clothing during a fast draw. There was no outstanding model or pattern at this period, but our drawing illustrates an example that is typical of percussion garter pistols in general.

After the advent of metallic cartridges, as I said, the .22 short rimfire cartridge became a favorite choice for this class of firearm. The Remington firm produced various single - shot and multi - shot pistols for it in very small sizes suitable for the vest pocket, milady's muff or her garter. Typical of these was a tiny single - shot less than four inches long and weighing only 3⅞ ounces. The grip and frame were extremely flat and thin. It is often seen fully engraved, with pearl or ivory grips.

Even smaller was the Hopkins & Allen .22 single-shot. Its 1¾ - inch barrel tipped up to load, and the trigger folded up into the frame until needed. Total length was under 3½ inches.

Another example was the "Baby .22," brought out by a maker now unknown. The barrel on this one rotated to one side to be loaded. This more conventionally shaped arm had a bird's head grip. If someone wished to manufacture this pistol again today, as so many early models are being reproduced, it would surely find favor with the ladies as it once did.

To emphasize the tiny size of the garter pistols, a circle is shown with each drawing, which is the size of a nickel, drawn to the same scale as the firearms.

Some famous frontier women were among the thousands who once carried the "garter pistol" as part of their everyday dress. Today it is an interesting and important part of any collection of western relics. ●RW

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HURRY!!

GOLD RUSH
Of The Horseless Carriage

By Richard Taylor

One of the last gold rushes of that long - dead era, when men were men and women were glad of it, took place in the dusty deserts of Nevada in 1927. It was the gold rush of the horseless carriages.

When assays from a fabulous new strike near Tonopah showed $78,000 a ton in gold and silver, whole families from as far east as New York and as far south as Miami piled themselves and their belongings into their tin lizzies and headed west. Model T's and Chevies, Willys and a host of other now - forgotten makes of automobiles raised so much dust on their way west that our smog problem of today would be small in comparison.

This modern - day gold rush would have made that of the Klondike look like a turtle race. It was thought by all that he who got their firstest would naturally get the mostest. This time speed really counted.

This long - forgotten gold craze sprang from the secretive mining activities of three prospectors: Leonard Traynor, W.E. Schmidt and Frank Horton, Jr. These three had shown rich gold ore samples one night in the saloons of Tonopah, then quickly disappeared, carrying only minimal supplies.

Two days later, they returned with about 100 pounds of gold samples that assayed at $39 a pound in gold and also yielded 168 ounces of silver.

"Where'd you find it?" other prospectors demanded.

"On the Electric Mine property," was the terse answer.

Moments later the rush was on. It was 27 miles of dusty road from Tonopah to the Electric Mine property, and everyone wanted to get there first.

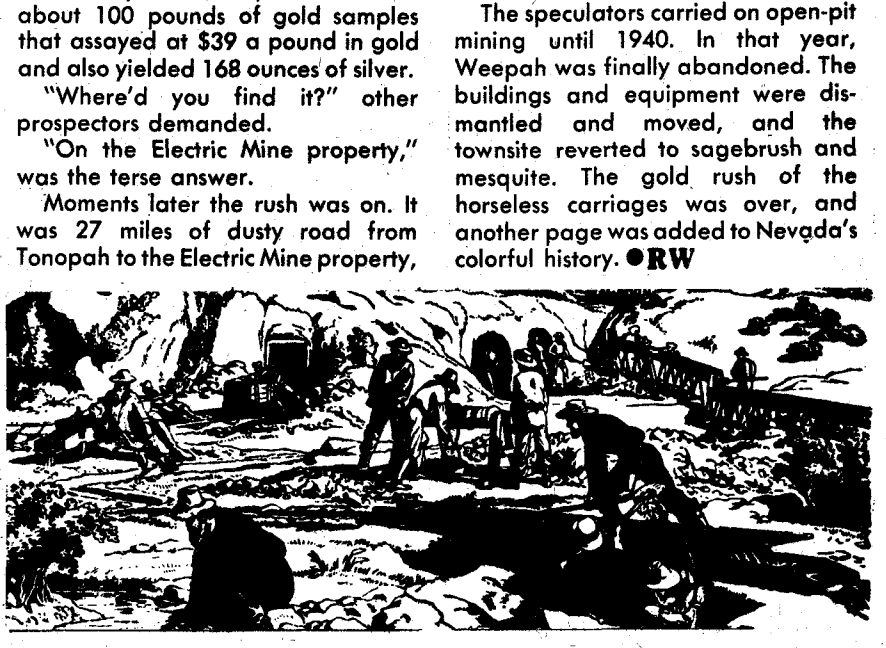
Six weeks after the rush had started, the deserts of the Lone Mountain country near Tonopah were teeming with people and animals. A tent city of over 1,500 had sprung up and was growing daily. The town was named "Weepah," evidently because of its relatively small size in comparison to Tonopah.

Sixty frame buildings were swiftly erected, including several saloons and the usual sporting houses. Seventy men were on the mine payroll, and nearly a score of mining syndicates were prospecting and preparing to work claims in the area.

Soon the usual riffraff that followed mining camps had moved in, giving the booming tent - town the atmosphere of a cheap carnival. Games of chance and lean-to restaurants lined the main street, and the claim owners and miners quickly warned that anyone who tried to jump their claims would be lynched without recourse.

Many claims were staked, and many a prospect hole was dug, but only a few turned into producing mines. These produced spasmodically over the next few years. Then, in the thirties, capital was raised, and a mill and bunkhouses were built.

The speculators carried on open-pit mining until 1940. In that year, Weepah was finally abandoned. The buildings and equipment were dismantled and moved, and the townsite reverted to sagebrush and mesquite. The gold rush of the horseless carriages was over, and another page was added to Nevada's colorful history. ●RW



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CRUNCHING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

By Clarence M. Fink

"Dance and the world dances with you," seemed to be the slogan followed by the early Forty-Niners when they gathered together to let off steam in their rough mining camps while searching for the earth's precious mineral. Youth prevailed in this Gold Rush era of California during the last century. Unshaven beards, mutton chops, and whiskers hid many a youthful face from the close scrutiny of their elders and seemingly added years to their ages.

There was a definite generation gap, too, for these callous seekers of this valuable metal considered anyone over thirty ancient and over-the-hill by their own standards. Life didn't begin at forty for them, but rather in their late 'teens or sooner. How else could they stand the rigors and the hardships they faced every day in the rough and savage mining camps and towns?

They put plenty of gusto in their living and sought as much in their entertainment. Boredom was their worst enemy. As Nietzsche once remarked, "Against boredom even the gods themselves struggle in vain!" But the lack of amusement at first didn't deter these gold seekers from creating their own dancing sessions. The lack of women as partners was the main problem which they solved by splitting their men's groups into two parts. The first half represented "Ladies" and became officially so by having large cloth patches signifying this fact sewed on certain parts of their clothing, making them conspicuous as such.

The young miners had a relish for dancing that was nearly unbelievable. Their rest for this sporting pleasure was rivalled only by their hard work in the diggings. There was no half-way measure to their tireless prancing that went on for hours, with hardly a break for rest. The miners' wild leg kicks and heavy stomping became an energy blast with wild gyrations that put a thoroughly trained dancing bear to shame with their impromptu steps and savage handling of their "lady" partners who accepted this treatment in the fury of their own momentous self-indulgence. This noisy action was only topped by the interior damage the few reckless show-offs might do in their graceless ecstasy to prove their superiority in dancing. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The Gold Regions of California, by George Thomas, 1930, San Francisco, California.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

the Indians were able to travel greater distances and began to contact previously unknown neighbors. Before the horse arrived on this continent, the Indians had only dogs to pull travois and help in carrying loads. The horse could carry a greater load, and so the Indians were now able to pack and move their camps quickly and easier.

After obtaining horses from the Spanish, the Indians began to build up herds. Many of the horses were those which had escaped the Spanish, or ran wild after its rider had been killed. There were many wild horses which the Indians captured. By 1840 every person among the Pawnee, even those considered not wealthy, had at least one or two horses. One chief had acquired at least thirty horses; some were wild horses he'd captured and trained, others were Spanish, and a few were American horses. These were all well-trained horses.

Among the Flathead and Nez Perce, even the children had at least three ponies or horses. Some tribes had so many horses they couldn't keep track of them. The Sioux would trade fifty or sixty horses at a time, and a young man in love might send as many as twenty horses to the tipi of his ladylove. In surprise winter attacks of 1868-69, made by General Custer on the Sioux, he captured over 800 horses, most of which he killed, keeping only enough for the captive women to ride.

The Indians would offer chants and prayers for their favorite horses. The Arikaras believed that the souls of the horses would bring revenge against cruel owners. Some tribes killed the favorite horse of an important member of the tribe upon his death, believing the warrior, in this way, would have his horse to ride to the Happy Hunting Ground. The Mandans took their best and favorite horses inside their huts in the winter evenings, and would also give them part of their supply of corn.

Horses were decorated in many ways. Sometimes they were painted with hands to show that the rider had killed an enemy on foot. Tassels of dyed horse hair, or the tail feathers of the hawk were used to decorate the mane and tail of war horses. At times war bonnets would adorn the horse. A few tribes even perfumed their favorite horse. Grey or pinto were preferred colors, because they blended into the landscape and also they were easy to paint, showing designs better than darker horses.

The Hidatsa considered the horses not only as pets but almost as gods. Some of the Assiniboin felt that the horse was supernatural and almost had the power of a shaman or medicine man.

When going into battle, the horse and rider both were given special protection in painted symbols, with protective medicines and herbs rubbed or blown over both and by chants to give them both endurance and strength.

Some Plains tribes had a guild of horse doctors who devoted themselves especially to protecting and healing horses. They doctored the horses before they went into battle, or on a buffalo hunt so they would not fall. They also doctored those horses wounded in battle, or on the hunt.

Many Indians tribes were considered to be among the greatest cavalry in the world. The Comanche, believed by many to be the best horsemen among the Indians, did not often ride their horses unless going into battle, on a hunt, or in some special ceremony or race. When the warrior arrived home, or dismounted from whatever occasion he rode, his wife took the horse and cared for it with utmost concern. The care of the horse ranked along with her duties to her family. General George Cook considered the Sioux to be the best natural cavalry, but in horse racing the Comanche were the best.

The war horse was often a buffalo horse as well, because the well-trained buffalo horse was also an excellent fighting horse. It was swift and could be controlled by only a movement of the knee, leaving the hands of the warrior free. The Sioux trained their war horses to leap over the body of a fallen enemy, and the leap counted as a coup.

The Gros Ventres demanded a white buffalo hide for a well-trained buffalo runner horse. The horse had to be quick and alert in turning, and was trained to come to at least fifteen or twenty feet of the buffalo selected by the rider. If the rider missed his aim, the horse kept after the same buffalo until the rider had time to shoot again and hit his mark.

The horse became so numerous among the Plains Indians that no Indian walked, and many women could ride as well, if not better, than the men. Indian women owned their own horses, and in 1854 a widow of a southern Comanche chief was described as being one of the best hunters in the tribe and owning a herd of horses. Particularly for the Plains Indians, the horse brought a new way of life, so much so that today's picture of the American Indian is often of the feathered horseman. ●**RW**

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

the story with the old Blue Book magazine. He sent me a small check, about $30, if I remember. I told Jackinson to be sure and get me a copy of the mag when it came out. But I never got a copy, doubt if it was ever used. Many editors have bought things from me, and never used them. It must have been about 1934 or 1935 that I got the little check. I will not do anything illegal or unethical, but I am an old man now, too: 73. And I could use a little cash. But even more, I am interested in setting the facts straight concerning the "Bloody Benders." I will not live forever.

Now the report that Kate was a Spiritualist is almost certainly a plain invention. It is a libel upon the Spiritualist movement. These folks do not kill. Nor were they (the Benders) tall and rawboned. Fait says old John was swarthy, and sort of heavy set, as was his son John. They were German. Kate, "not a bad looking girl," according to Fait, was not among the other 3 liquidated by the posse. For many years her fate was a mystery. But that, too, is cleared up by my old friend, Charlie Fait. For a long time I had the transcript of this story, as told to a stenographer in San Diego and later typed out by her. But I seem to have mislaid it hopelessly. We have moved too often. But I remember all of the essential details of this awful story. According to Fait, no less than 42 bodies were dug up on the Bender place!

Sincerely yours,
Vollie Tripp
142 Beckley Circle, Palm Springs, Calif.

WESTERN FOLK SONGS

Dear Sirs:

The story about the Texas Rangers in the February 1975 issue of REAL WEST reminded me of a ballad called "Ride, Ranger, Ride," that a former western musical group, The Sons of the Pioneers, used to sing. It can be found in some of the old song books that published some of the songs this group played and sang. These included "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," "Me and My Burro," "The Day I Played Baseball," "Cool Water," and many others. During the years I played guitar (1933-1945), I played a lot of the songs of the Sons of the Pioneers plus other western, mountain, railroad and folk songs. I think a few of this musical group are still living, and I think Roy Rogers is one of the first ones with the group before he branched out on his own. Curt Massey might have been one also, but I can't confirm this.

Sincerely,
W. Thayer
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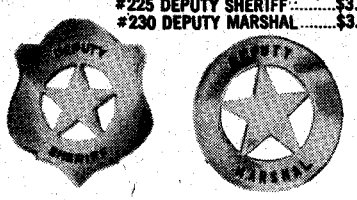

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GRANDMA AND GRANDPA

(continued from page 43)

proached the parent very humbly and explained to him that he loved his daughter, and asked his permission of marriage, all in a very sincere matter. And the aroma of alcohol would certainly gain for him a positive "no"!

More timid ones often used a letter to obtain the parents' consent, because in some cases the father, being the scion of the neighborhood, might scold the would-be son-in-law, thoroughly informing him that he must be a good husband for his daughter!

James D. McCabe

Grandma dreams of Grandpa's arrival. Perhaps he'll propose!

Once engaged, thence the ring ceremony. Afterwards there was no "stepping out"! If such did occur, gossip spread over the neighborhood like wildfire. The affair was branded with scorn equally as serious as the "shotgun weddings."

After a reasonable interval since the engagement came the marriage. Date had something to do with it. Easter was a very popular date, with Wednesday or Thursday being the favorite days for the ceremony. *Friday was considered unlucky!*

And it was the privilege of the lady to set the time for the wedding!

The type of marriage ceremony varied somewhat with the locality. Festivities and celebrations were governed in the same manner. Sometimes Grandpa and Grandma went in a buggy to the parson's home for the ceremony, with a buggy caravan of relatives and friends following. Here a simple ceremony was performed, in either the front yard or in the preacher's parlor, with perhaps the preacher's daughter peddling away on the parlor organ, and a few neighbors, who had gathered for the occasion, singing hymns.

The author's grandfather, a frontier Baptist preacher, performed many buggy ceremonies during the Sunday afternoons of the spring and summer months.

In areas where people traveled mostly on horseback, it was not unusual for Grandpa and Grandma to ride horses to the ceremony. Of course, Grandma was mounted on a sidesaddle. Not a single inch of her bare skin met the eye, except perhaps the face. And it was more often covered with a veil.

Church weddings occurred in the local parish, if the settlements were large enough, or the couple lived in town. Justice of the Peace weddings were infrequent, occurring generally on "shotgun" occasions. Hurried weddings in Mexico were unknown.

After the marriage ceremony the newlyweds didn't go all-out for an outlandish honeymoon. As a general rule the responsibilities facing them put them about the business of making arrangements to provide for a family.

Their responsibilites were indeed great. Our Great Nation today vouches for this, and the sincerity with which they handled these matters. ●RW

WORDS FROM THE SCAFFOLD

(continued from page 39)

On the morning of Joe Hill's execution in Salt Lake City, November 19, 1915, for the murder of a grocer and his son, the prison doctor asked the doomed man, "You have a pretty stiff ordeal ahead of you, Hillstrom. Would you like a shot of morphine to help you get through the next hour?

Hillstrom spat at the doctor's feet. "No, I don't want none of your morphine, nor anything else from this God damned state. If they won't give me a new trial, they don't need to give me anything!"

From the collection of L. H. Jorud, Helena, Montana

The hanging tree at Helena, Montana from which Capt. J.A. Slade was hanged. His last words were, "Men, do your duty!"

"Well, then," the doctor went on reasonably, "would you like a slug of whiskey?

"I don't want no whiskey. I ain't never drunk the stuff and I don't intend to start now."

"Perhaps you're right," the doctor agreed. "It might be habit forming."

It is said that Louise Peete, about to be executed for the murder of Mrs. Arthur Logan, entered the gas chamber at San Quentin, gave a sniff, said, "I don't smell a damned thing!" And was dead. That is, of course, one of those made-up, sick jokes. It doesn't jibe at all with the necessary

(continued on page 60)

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FAIR EXCHANGE

(continued from page 13)

Under Rush's orders, a case of rifles was broken open. They were cleaned by the light of the campfire, and the Crees were given a very rudimentary instruction in their use, to the great disgust of the Piegans.

Rush thought, and with good reason, the extra firepower given his party would more than offset the wild shooting that would be done by Cree and Piegan alike. He was not wrong. But to copper his bet on this, he gave orders to change their route of travel and head for Pahwaki [roughly translated meaning, The Old Man's Ridge] (Frenchman's Ridge).

The camp was on the move before first light, but before the sun was high, a Piegan scout discovered an attempted ambush by the Assiniboine. He fired his rifle and whipped his horse back to the party.

Caught in the open, all Rush's party could do was hunt what cover was available. The horses hauling the rifles were shot to keep them from being stampeded with the travois. But when the Assiniboine broke cover, the thunderous fire from Piegan and Cree warriors dropped horses and men. Not one Assiniboine survived. In the mad rush made by the Piegan and Cree warriors to count coup and collect scalps, an argument developed between a Piegan and a Cree over a coup count. The resultant explosion of hereditary hatred wiped out the Cree warriors, and the Piegan counted coup and scalped both Assiniboine and Cree. And the only Cree alive, after the shooting stopped, was Rush's Cree wife, White - Water - Woman, and it took all of Fawn's persuasiveness to keep the Piegans from killing her.

The killing of the Cree warriors left Rush in something of a quandary. He had to proceed even though he had hoped the Cree men in his party would guarantee their safe passage through Cree country. Fortunately, their entire passage through the Cree land east of the Divided (Cypress) Hills was traversed without encountering any of the many Cree bands that roamed this region.

Rush's arrival at the E-M Post on the South Saskatchewan River created a problem. The traders, Eyl and McCabe, had some rifles but not enough to supply Rush's immediate needs. So for two hectic weeks, Eyl

(continued on next page)

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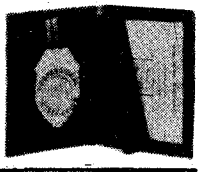

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huge man		i	a	n	t
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and McCabe did some hard riding, visiting Indian bands that traded with them, and they acquired sufficient rifles for Rush's needs.

Nine weeks after leaving the rendezvous at Black Butte, Rush and the Piegans were back at Pikuni Post, having fought blizzards and cold weather the entire return trip.

Rush returned with seventy rifles, more than enough to supply the original members of the Piegan war party. Bill Eyl and Jack McCabe, the two traders at the E-M Post, promised the balance of the rifles by the New Grass Moon.

Afraid an Army patrol might come through on a search for the stolen rifles, Hubbard and Rush, knowing they could never explain away that amount of rifles on hand, decided to get rid of the bulk of them. They packed fifty - six rifles, the amount necessary to fulfill Hubbard's promise to Running Crane. Hubbard, with Oscar Schell and Jay McCoy, headed west, looking for the Bear Band.

They found the band encamped on Antelope Creek. The proximity of buffalo herds and the fact they were waiting for the arrival of their new rifles made this an ideal winter camp in the eyes of the Piegan.

After passing out the rifles, indulging in a feast and profuse professions of eternal friendship, Hubbard and his men returned to Pikuni Post, reaching it ten days later.

Here the two traders, Hubbard and Rush, compiled their estimated profit on this one transaction. And in the spring, head and tail robes, plus one hundred and fifty wolf pelts, were loaded on mackinaw boats and floated down the Big Dry to the Missouri River and on to St. Louis, where the robes brought $9.00 each and the wolf pelts $2.75 each. This gave the Pikuni Trading Post a profit on one transaction of $8,754.50, a transaction they called a "fair exchange." ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Unpublished Journals and Diaries of C. P. Hubbard, 1860 - 1876.
Unpublished manuscript of Serapta Sanders.
Unpublished manuscript of Marth Edgerton Plassmann.
Post Returns of Camp Cook (Cooke) and Camp Reeves, Montana Territory, July 1866 - March, 1870.
Record Group 77 (Miscellaneous Files) National Archives and Records Service.
NNO - 1533 DAG Indian Engagements in Montana Territory.

WHO ROBBED THE STORE?

(continued from page 45)

"I want you gentlemen to stand perfectly still until my partner is out of sight; I will remain here with you for a while. The first man that raises a noise or attempts to get away, I will shoot his head off. You must wait here perfectly still for two hours; if you don't, I'll make mincemeat of you. The cold will not bother you, as you are all well bundled up."

One of the bandits left the scene with the lead horse. The second robber walked stealthily away for some distance, and soon afterwards was heard galloping away in the direction of the state line. The boy managed to get himself loose from his bonds and soon had the rest of the prisoners free. But the bold highwaymen were far out of sight and sound.

As soon as daylight came, a number of indignant citizens were out trailing the outlaws. The snow, which had stopped falling, made it possible for the posse to trail the two men into the Indian Territory, but the men never were captured.

Mr. Bryant was very emphatic when he said later on, "It is time these scandalous deeds of outlawry were put a stop to in western Missouri. Too long have the people in the western countries been annoyed by these desperate outlaws. A little more hemp, with more vigorous pursuit of them, would have a wonderful effect in putting a stop to these outrages."

Zeke and his friends, over in Harrisonville, felt differently about the matter. Many of them still felt that the Jameses and the Youngers were justified in doing what they had to do to exist, but in later years this attitude changed, and some of them banded together to capture the James brothers, being beaten to the draw by Bob Ford, the young man who murdered Jesse.

The proprietor proceeded with his various duties in the store, all the time keeping up a careless and jovial conversation with the two good - looking young men. Mr. Bryant turned from his shelves, where he had been busily engaged in straightening up the merchandise, and he found himself staring into the muzzles of two large revolvers, while the smiling faces of his two visitors assumed a very business - like aspect.

"Mr. Bryant, we want all your available cash. We must have it or take something you value more dearly. So shell out without noise or delay."

"No, I will not give in to you two young whippersnappers."

"Yes, you will, replied the robbers, and in another second the newly purchased scarf was over the man's mouth and his arms soon tied to his sides. Bryant's eyes were then covered with another scarf, and the two robbers proceeded to rifle the store. They first secured the cash, amounting to about $500; then they proceeded to select such articles of merchandise as suited their fancy, selecting the best quality of materials.

While the two robbers were carrying on their act of robbery in a gay and festive mood — doing their Christmas shopping, so to speak — an old farmer dropped in to pass away the long evening, and to talk over the current news as he sat comfortably around the stove in the little store at the crossroads. The young men received him courteously, and took care of him speedily as possible by gagging and blindfolding him, and emptying his pockets of his wallet, his knife, several pieces of twine, a buckle, and a few nails and some papers.

Indeed, the farmer had come in to talk about the news, never realizing that he was making it. The prisoner was then escorted to a seat beside Bryant, there to silently study and wonder what next would befall him.

That business was scarcely concluded when two other farmers walked into the store, knocking the snow off their boots. They were welcomed by the bandits and quickly seized. One of the men expressed a desire to return home. He ran a short distance down the road when he was stopped by a pistol ball in his hip. One of the bandits escorted the wounded man back into the store. There he and his companion were seated upon the counter with the other two, and their pockets were rifled. Two more men straggled in, one of them an Irishman. They also were quickly seized and bound, then seated beside the others. It was an odd sight, no doubt, seeing the six men

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ranged in a row, helpless and uncertain as to their fate.

The robbers, having secured the silence and security of their prisoners, pressed into service a little boy who was employed around the store and who had just dropped in. With his assistance they proceeded to ransack the store, manifesting good taste and discretion in their selection of goods and trinkets. They took an abundant supply of cigars, tobacco and whiskey, fitted themselves out with new gloves, handkerchiefs, shirts, and other items of clothing.

During their operations the bandits discovered that one of their prisoners was a schoolmaster. The younger robber took occasion to lecture him on the immorality of being out late at night and its tendency to promote bad habits, and advised him never to go out late again. The Irishman was upbraided for having only forty cents in his pockets.

"That's not enough to pay for the rope we bound you with," laughed the younger man.

The wounded man was examined and found to sustain only a flesh wound, and he was made to stand up with the others. After a few drinks from one of the bottles of whiskey, the two bandits proceeded to make their departure. The prisoners were escorted outside the store and ranged in a line facing the road; the boy was tied and blindfolded like the others and placed with them. The robbers then led up their horses, plus a third mount which had been ridden there by one of the captured farmers. The older of the men then addressed the prisoners. ●RW

EDITOR'S CORRAL

(continued from page 28)

report that the Chippewa Indians, in Minnesota, had massacred a number of white settlers, and threatened to carry havoc far and wide in revenge for certain alleged encroachments upon their reservation. The story turns out to be a gross exaggeration of an unimportant incident, but it served to demonstrate two facts — namely, that the trouble, such as it was, had its chief incitement in free use of whisky; and secondly, that the Chippewas have real grounds for complaint against the Government for its failure to keep certain engagements. It is not, perhaps, wonderful that a keen sense of injustice, inflamed by free rum, should now and then provoke even the red man to deeds of violence.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
June 28, 1889

BRULE SIOUX SURRENDER

The Indians at the Lower Brule Agency, Dakota, have signed the bill for the surrender of the Sioux Reservation.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
July 20, 1889

BUFFALO BILL TEACHES FRENCH TO RIDE

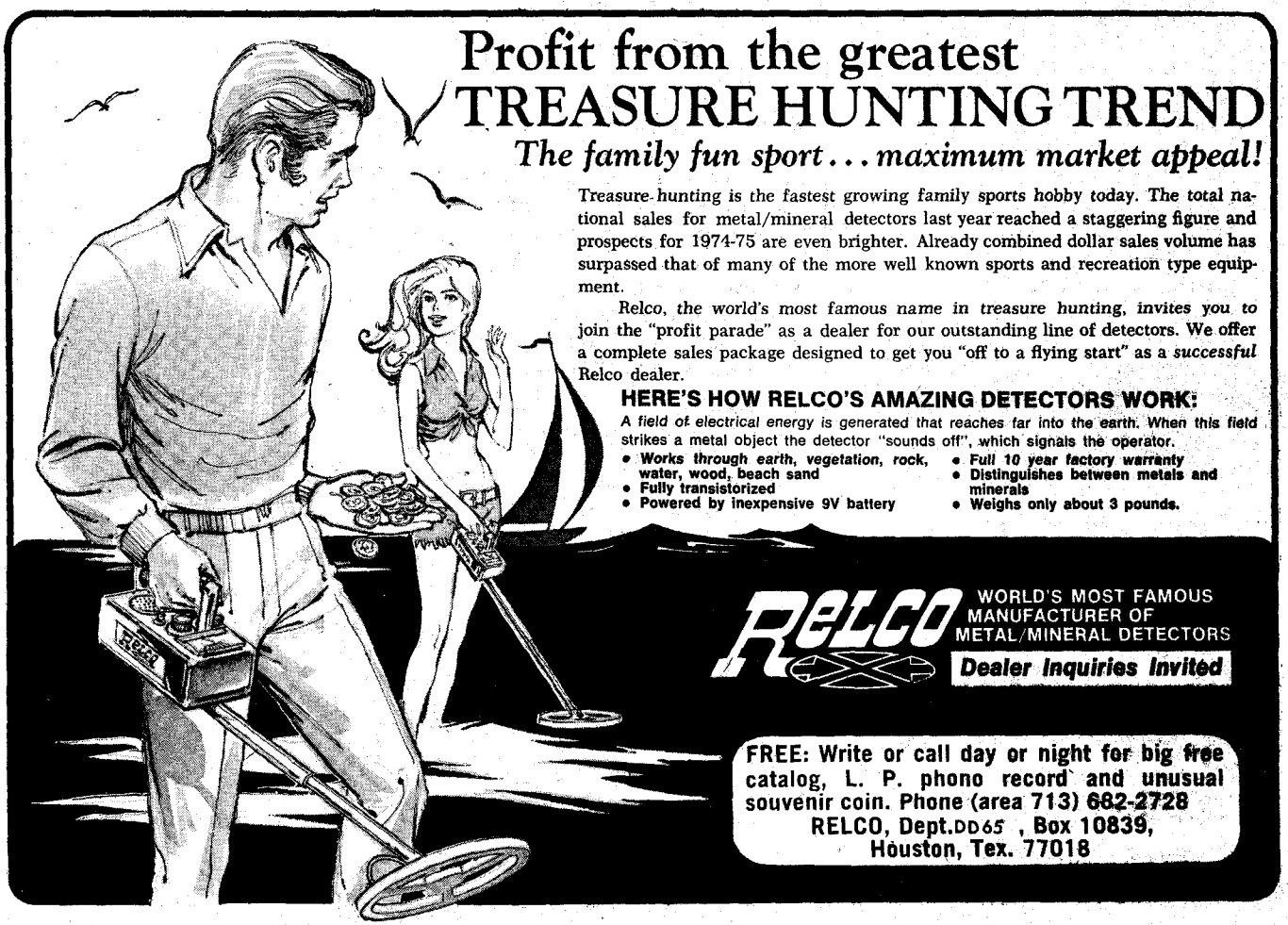
Buffalo Bill has been engaged by the French Government to teach one hundred cavalry officers to ride in the American style.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
July 20, 1889

BUFFALO BILL LIVING IT UP IN FRANCE

Buffalo Bill is living luxuriously in Paris. He has fitted up a suite of handsome apartments in which he entertains in regal style.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Aug. 3, 1889 ●RW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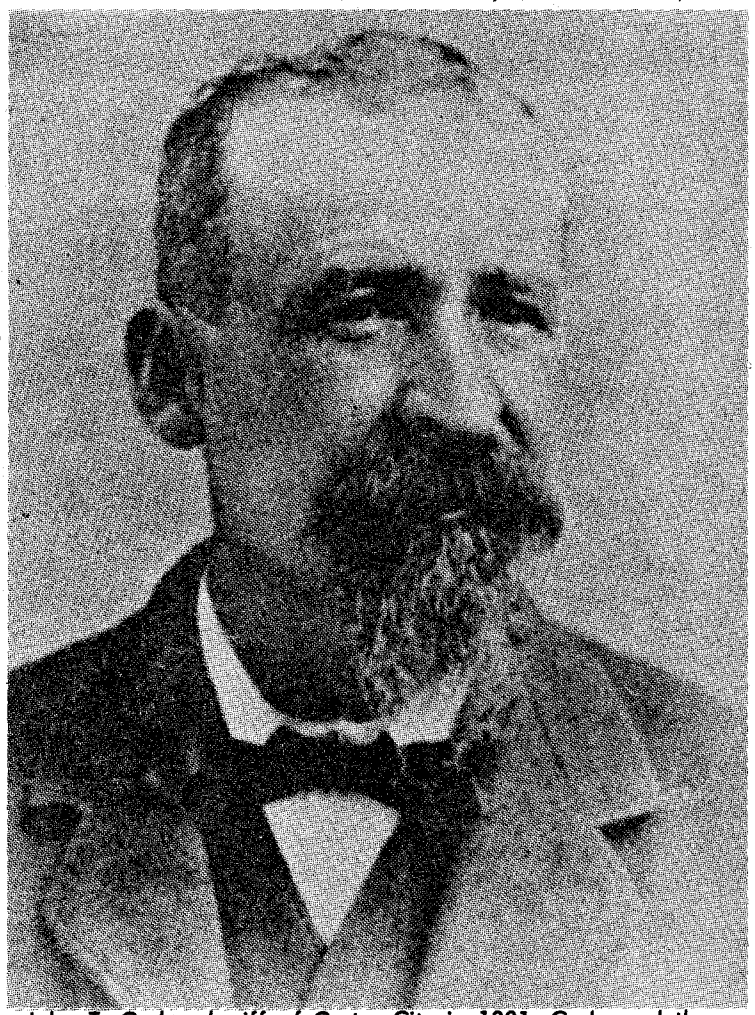
CUSTER CITY JUSTICE

Myron Patterson

Custer City, Dakota Territory, was the first town settled after gold was discovered during General George A. Custer's expedition to the Black Hills in 1874. Prospectors founded the town in August, 1875, and in a month the population grew to over one thousand. At first it was just another boom town, but law and order were on the way.

Courtesy of Frontier Museum, Custer.



John T. Code, sheriff of Custer City in 1881. Code and three deputies could not prevent an angry mob from lynching Abe Barnes' murderer.

Custer City, Dakota Territory, was the first town settled after gold was discovered during General George A. Custer's expedition to the Black Hills in 1874. The town was laid out by prospectors on August 10, 1875, on the north bank of French Creek, just west of the site of the Custer party's discovery. The settlement began with a population of six, but in one month grew to a town of over one thousand. According to one report, there were over 2,000 tents and 400 wooden buildings in just four months.

In the beginning Custer City was the typical boom town; no law and order and only two thoughts in the minds of most of the inhabitants; find gold, or find someone who has it, and take it from him, legally or otherwise. But the boom soon ended. Five months after the town was laid out, stories began to trickle in from further in the Black Hills that richer deposits, in both streams and hard rock, were being found fifty miles to the north, in Deadwood Gulch. The rush to Deadwood began in March of 1876, and by summer Custer City was nearly a ghost town.

Several of the Custer merchants remained, however, as did a few prospectors who felt that the tales from the north were exaggerated, and the town didn't die.

As the gold fever in the Black Hills leveled off, Custer City slowly began to grow again. In 1878, interest in the French Creek region began to flourish once more, as the richer northern placers and hard - rock claims were

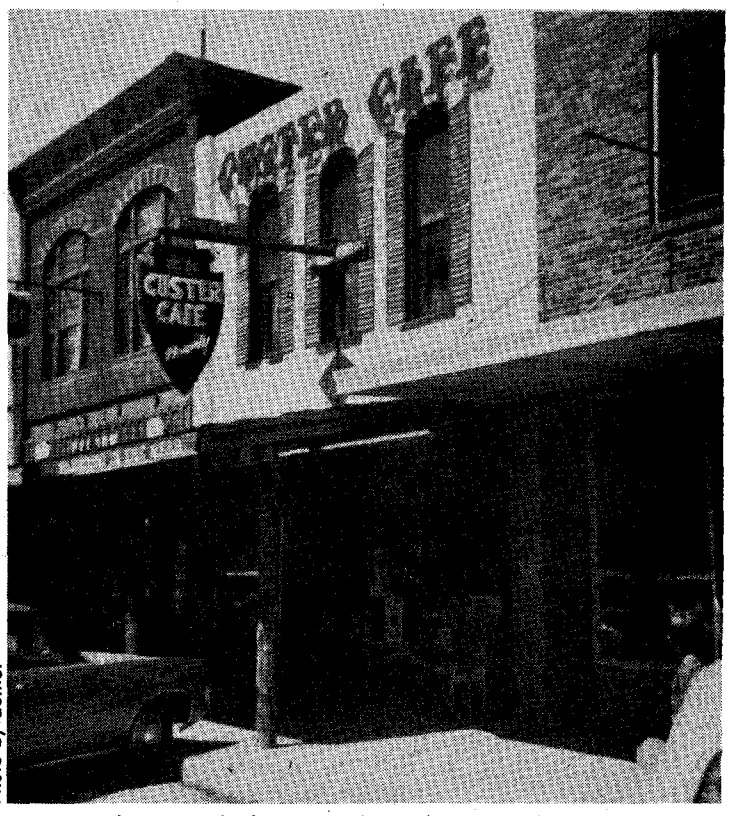


Photo by author

Present-day site of Abe Barnes' murder. Site of George Palmer's saloon on Custer's main street is now a cafe.

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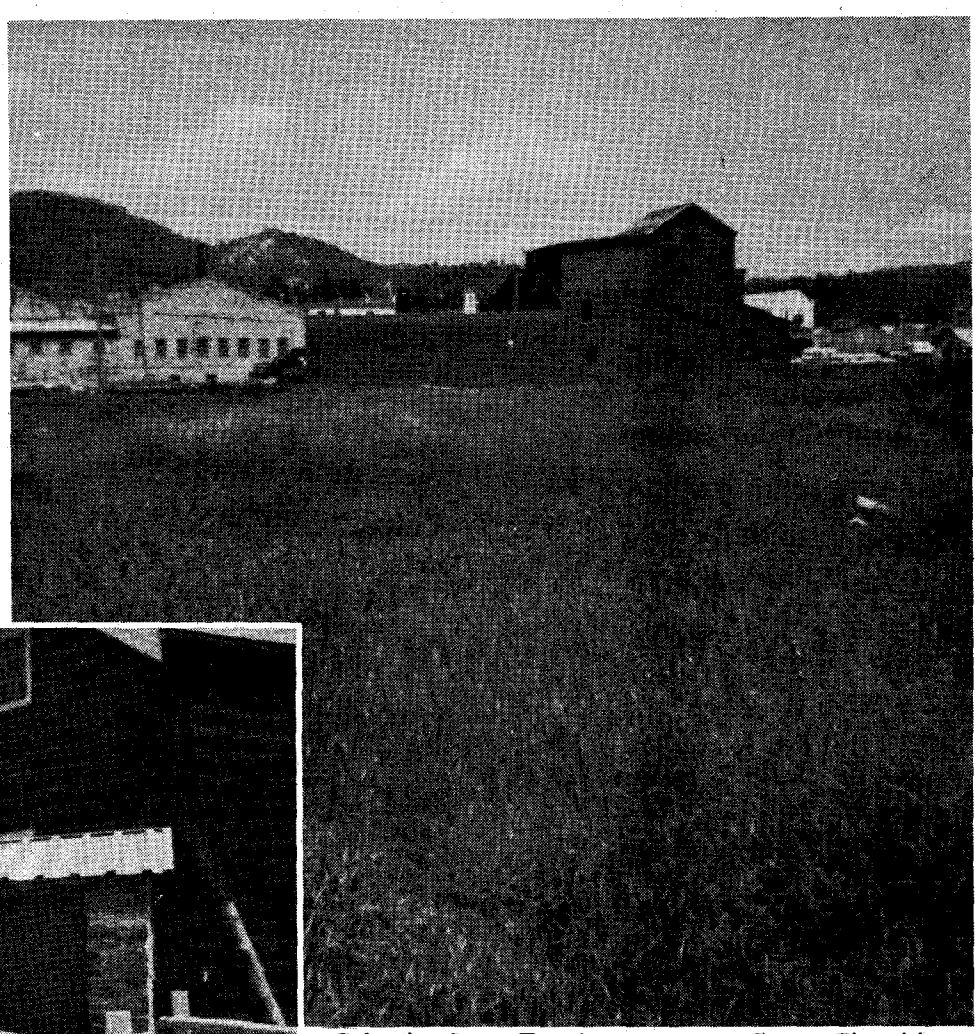
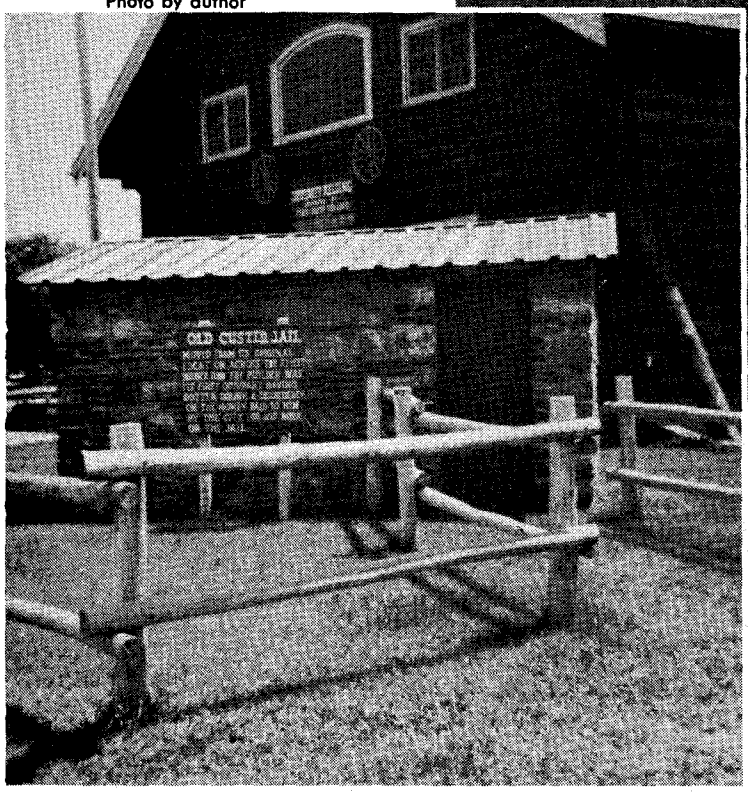


View of Custer City today from site on French Creek where lynch mob crossed to hang James Fowler, alias "Fly Specked Billy."

Photo by author



Old Custer City jail. In 1881, Sheriff Code was afraid the jail could not be defended against a lynch mob and tried to hide prisoner in his own cabin.

worked out, or taken over by eastern investors. As the town started to revive, it began to civilize and take on the aspects of a real community. During this period a school was even established, operated by Miss Nellie Scott in the home of J.W. Lytle, which served the town's sixty families. The school enrolled 25 children and probably was the first in the Black Hills.

Custer City enjoyed its first newspaper, the *Herald,* edited by J.S. Bartholomew. It was soon followed by the *Chronicle,* which continues to this day.

A second boom developed around the French Creek area in 1879, and in that year the county seat was moved to Custer City. According to the 1880 census, the town had reached a small but steady population of 271.

Custer City never did possess the glamor of its rowdy Black Hills neighbor, Deadwood, which could boast of the exploits of such characters as Wild Bill Hickock and Calamity Jane. For the most part, Custer City citizens panned their gold, cut their wood, sold their wares, and quietly buried their dead. But nearly all of the badmen who eventually gave Deadwood its reputation passed through Custer City at one time or another, especially before the opening of the stage line to Deadwood out of Sidney, Nebraska, via Rapid City. If many of these unruly characters failed to break into the press dispatches while in Custer City, it probably was because most of the law-abiding members of the town were just as tough as they were.

Photo by author

In reading the biographies and sketches of the outlaws and troublemakers who haunted the Black Hills during the gold rush days, one will notice they usually behaved themselves when they were in Custer City. The lawmen there operated on the theory that what you don't know won't hurt you — and generally no matter how suspicious their background. The feeling was "Stranger, maybe you shot some prospector up in Deadwood like they say, but we don't know for sure, and we ain't asking — just don't do no shooting down here."

But when a troublemaker didn't take heed, and some didn't, justice was often swift, and rendered without the formalities of a judge and jury.

On a cold Sunday in January, 1881, an outlaw named James Fowler, who had once rode with the notorious "Lame Johnny" Donahue, hitched a ride into Custer City with a freight hauler named Abe Barnes of Kearney, Nebraska. Fowler, who also was known by some as "Fly Specked Billy" because of a face full of freckles, had somehow lost his sixgun, which was something Fowler seldom was without. He prevailed upon Barnes, a one-time acquaintance, to lend him his gun by telling him he was afraid there were several men in Custer City who might want to do him harm.

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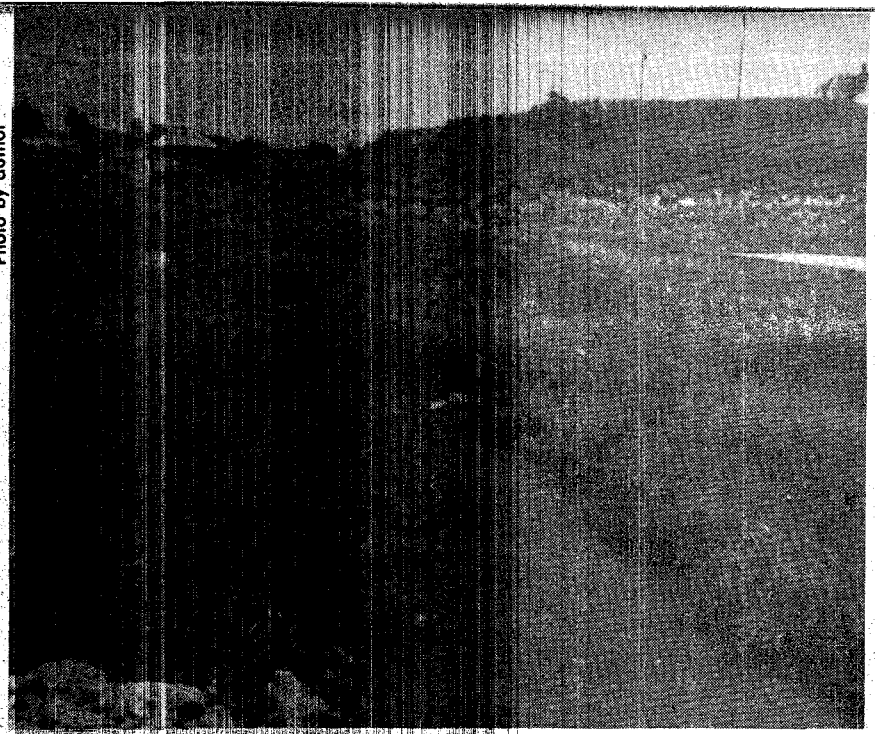

Photo by author

French Creek, where town of Custer City was built in 1875. Gold was discovered on this spot in 1874.

The freight wagons arrived at Custer City late in the afternoon, and Fowler didn't waste any time in hitting the saloons on Main Street and getting roaring drunk. About ten that night, he entered George Palmer's saloon and immediately began to start trouble. He approached a stranger at the bar, insisted that he buy the man a drink, and then, while the man was drinking, laid his sixgun on the stranger's shoulder and fired three shots out the front window of the saloon. The slugs harmlessly struck a building across the street.

George Palmer, the saloon's owner, walked up to Fowler to tell him to leave. Fowler pointed his revolver at Palmer's head and cocked the hammer. Palmer froze, and Fowler, smiling, let the hammer down with his thumb. Palmer started to turn away, and Fowler cocked the gun again. Just then, a customer at the bar, William Summers, decided he had seen enough and edged toward the door. Fowler saw him leaving, walked over quickly, and spun him around. He thrust his sixgun against Summers' chest and pulled the trigger. The gun misfired, and the hammer snapped shut harmlessly.

Fowler then saw Abe Barnes, the freight hauler who loaned him the gun, playing billiards on the other side of the saloon. He walked over to Barnes, said something, apparently about having a drink. Barnes' reply angered Fowler, and he grabbed Barnes by the collar, choking him. He pointed the sixgun at Barnes' right breast and said angrily, "Come on and take a drink!" As these words were spoken, the sixgun discharged, and Barnes, jumping backward, cried "Oh, I'm shot." He staggered several steps and fell to the floor, dying.

Fowler sobered instantly and ran for the door. A customer named Eby, who was seated just inside the door, grabbed at Fowler and attempted to pin his arms to his side. Another customer, Red Moore, drew his own revolver and tried to hit Fowler in the head. His aim was off, however, and he struck Eby's hand with the butt of the gun, shattering two fingers. Moore struck again, this time connecting, and stunned Fowler just as he was breaking away from Eby. Fowler, staggering, managed to reach the door, but just in time to fall into the arms of Custer City's sheriff, who had rushed over from his cabin on hearing the shooting.

Sheriff John T. Code quickly sized up the situation and realized it was not good. On hearing the story of what happened from several of the saloon customers, he knew he was going to have a difficult time keeping his prisoner. The crowd's blood was boiling.

Code first thought of taking Fowler to the Custer City jail, but immediately decided against it. The small, rather poorly constructed building could probably hold the prisoner, but it would not withstand a lynch mob crazed with anger. Instead, Sheriff Code, with deputies Bill Quinn, Frank Peters and Pat McHugh, dragged the still - dazed Fowler into the back of another saloon, one owned by John McHugh. The building was slightly sturdier and could be better defended.

The four men with their prisoner watched the crowd in front of Palmer's grow larger and larger. They bound Fowler hand and foot, turned out all the lamps, and waited. An hour passed, and the crowd became less noisy. Code decided to take a chance. They would slip out of McHugh's under the cover of darkness and take their prisoner to Code's own cabin. If they were not spotted, the crowd might think the prisoner had been taken out of town.

The men quietly slipped out the back and ran, carrying Fowler, as quickly as they could, dodging in and out of shadows and behind buildings toward the sheriff's shack. The plan was a failure; their trick had been anticipated, and a mob of thirty men waited in and around the cabin, ready to jump the lawmen and take the prisoner.

The sheriff and his deputies were quickly overpowered, and while twelve of the mob, all masked, held the lawmen, the rest spirited Fowler away, south out of town towards French Creek. When Code and his men freed themselves, which took only a matter of minutes, they ran back to Main Street and tried to find enough Custer City citizens to form a posse. Three or four men agreed to come, including the town coroner.

The posse easily followed the mob's tracks which led across French Creek and up into a grove of pines. There they soon discovered Fowler, hanging from a tree. There was no sign of life left in him.

The following Wednesday, the *Custer County Chronicle* aptly described the scene this way: "Judge Lynch had executed his inexorable sentence cleverly and secretly, and Fly Specked Billy, with his hands warm with the blood of his inoffending victim, had paid the penalty. And his soul, if such as he have souls, had fled to the tortures of an eternity of punishment." ● **RW**

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Expect a miracle, he says, because Arthritis can be cured! All types of arthritis. Complete and permanent cure is possible! With this method, he says, pain and swelling disappear — almost overnight! Even bone structure can be returned to normal. It's safe, easy, and effective!

Expect A Miracle Of Freedom From Pain

What has this method done for Dr. Campbell's patients? He reports:

- "It has not mattered whether these patients were old or young."
- "It has not mattered in what part of the body they had arthritis."
- "It has not mattered whether the doctor who referred them to me said it was caused by an infection, or what type of arthritis they had."
- It has not mattered whether they were still getting around or whether they were bedridden."
- "It has not mattered for how long they had arthritis."

"Their arthritis was cured," he states flatly, "and yours can be, too!" There is just one exception. "I confess right here and now that I cannot help those who have had extensive gold treatments, and who have undergone blood changes because of extended drug or chemical treatment," he says.

However, while no one can guarantee relief or cure in such cases, Dr. Campbell's files are filled with case histories of people who **have** obtained relief even after drug therapy. In addition, he says he has achieved rapid relief and repair of spinal arthritis if caught within the first five years — after which he can offer only relief of pain and no further damage. Still a spectacular hope for any sufferer! Even the agony of weather changes can be a thing of the past!

In all other cases — for arthritis of the fingers, shoulders, hips, or knees, for osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, or any other kind of arthritis . . .

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"To me the case histories of cures follow the same definite pattern," says Dr. Campbell. "A 75-year-old *man suffers the pain of acute rheumatoid arthritis in* all joints. He is bedridden. In one week the pain is gone. In two weeks he is ambulatory. (That is, he can walk.) In three weeks his deformed fingers straighten enough to hold the steering wheel and drive the car."

Never before has a CURE been offered. Doctors could only offer partial relief. Dr. Campbell says his method offers—not only relief—but an end to the condition: Age is no barrier . . . legs . . . backs . . . hips . . . fingers . . . knees . . . are healed.

"It's like being born again," said a 62-year-old woman patient, "I feel like I am starting a new life." It happens to him . . . It happens to her . . . It can happen to you . . . whatever your age," says Dr. Campbell.

"The Seven-Day Program To End Pain And Regain Normal Use Of Joints"

"My files are filled with cases that read like miracles," says Dr. Campbell. "A mother, bedridden for months due to arthritis, does housework again. An engineer, on crutches for a year tosses them aside . . . A grandmother, previously crippled by arthritis, discards use of her wheelchair . . .

"To me as a doctor it's a trite ending. I see it every day," says Dr. Campbell. "To others it's a miracle." That miracle is the 3-part Home Cure he has perfected.

"It's fast, safe, and effective. "The home arthritis cure," says Dr. Campbell, "begins to show benefits immediately."

• You need not wait two or three months . . . two weeks . . . two days to begin to feel the improvement, says Dr. Campbell . . .

The results are immediate and magnificent, he states. The first step is Dr. Campbell's special Arthritis-Cure Diet. "This diet is the main factor in the cure of arthritis." In fact, he says, "You might expect a cure without doing another blessed thing!"

Easy To Use!

Best of all, the one outstanding feature of this method is: NO PREPARATION IS NEEDED! It's "No-Cook Cooking" all the way! All you really need is a refrigerator, knife, or blender in most cases. All foods on the Arthritis-Cure Diet can be easily obtained, at no extra expense.

You can still eat many of your favorite foods (by actual count, there are 160 items that you can still eat . . . and you can mix nearly endless varieties) ..... you can still enjoy black eye peas, green peppers, lima beans, corn, rice, turkey, duck, fish, apples, bananas, pears, figs, prunes, plums, nectarines, peaches, cherries, grapes, melons, nuts, soups, eggs, cheeses, and more . . . But there are certain foods you must never touch again, if you wish a permanent cure, he says.

Complete daily menus for breakfast, lunch and supper are given for the first 7 days, with 50 more mouth watering gourmet recipes!

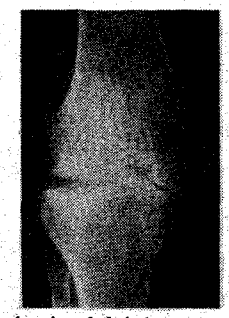
Is That All There Is To It?

Just about. As for steps 2 and 3 — you may not need them. But if you do, they are simply aids to elimination (for purification and internal cleansing), and a very few other simple steps.

No gadgets or hocus pocus, no bigger and better pills, no expensive diathermy, whirlpool, or harsh exercises of any kind.

See For Yourself . . . At Our Risk

See for yourself. You can enjoy absolutely pain-free living, and an arthritis-free tomorrow, says Dr. Campbell. Now, for the first time, you can be free of heat, pain, swelling and deformity — no matter what your age, he says, because arthritis CAN and IS being CURED. **"There is no need for anyone," he says, "to ever get an arthritis attack again."**



Lack of joint space around knee. Bones rub. Normal motion impossible.

Greater joint space provides pain-free motion, normal walking.

X-RAYS SHOW POSITIVE PROOF!

. . . says Dr. Campbell: Look at the before-and-after X-rays shown above, and know that now, for the first time perhaps, you can enjoy an absolutely pain-free, arthritis-free tomorrow.

- **"Expect a 'miracle'," says Dr. Campbell.**
- **"Expect your pain to start diminishing from the start."**
- **"Expect no need for aspirin or other pain relievers in a week to ten days."**
- **"Expect a continuing improvement in your joint mobility . . . X-rays will reveal progress in the restoration of damaged bone structure in three to six months."**
- **"Expect a normal life without arthritic pain . . ."**

MEET DR. CAMPBELL

Dr. Giraud W. Campbell is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Class of 1931. Since then he has practiced for over 40 years in New York State. After World War II, Dr. Campbell commenced his nutritional and laboratory research in arthritis. "For the past 15 years," he says, "I have been curing arthritis. Those that are bedridden . . . in the acute inflammatory state . . . show the most dramatic response. In from 3 to 10 days their pains cease, and repair sets in. I have over 1,000 successfully treated cases in my files." He was one of the founders of the Long Island Osteopathic Society and is a member of several leading professional groups.

ASTOUNDING LETTERS FROM EX-ARTHRITIS VICTIMS

RAISES ARMS IN PRAISE!

I had been in an auto accident which affected my spine and caused chronic arthritis. I couldn't raise my arms without severe pain; combing my hair was almost impossible. Doctors gave me up to 24 aspirins per day, traction, hydrotherapy, sonic ray therapy and physiotherapy. It was at this time that I began treatment with Dr. Campbell . . . After treatment started, I felt a tremendous improvement in seven days. Within two weeks the brace was off and I felt better. I was able to raise my arms upward. It was like a miracle.—H.G.

SPINE HEALED!

I was discharged from the Army in 1945. Shortly thereafter, I began to experience pains in my lower back and the disease became steadily worse. I became more crippled. My spine, at this time, had practically fused solid. Pain . . . by now . . . was continuous, day and night, with no relief. At this point I heard of Dr. Giraud Campbell. To my amazement within two weeks, the pain decreased at least 50%. I was able to walk better. I only wish I had come under Dr. Campbell's care . . . when the disease first started.

Yours truly, F.S., Roslyn, New York

Dark portions or spots of this X-ray show softening of shinbone, which actually bends —in an advanced case of Paget's disease, deemed incurable.

Six months later—with Dr. Campbell's method —X-ray shows thickening of bone (white area). Bone is now stronger and no longer bends.

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WORDS FROM THE SCAFFOLD

(continued from page 52)

procedure of the gas chamber.

Not someone's last words, but rather apropos here, is the statement made by the small daughter of Bell Guness of La Porte, Indiana, who told a neighbor, "Mama just brained Papa with an ax, but don't tell anybody!"

The mention of an ax brings to mind another apocryphal "joke." A neighbor met Lizzie Borden on the morning of August 4, 1892 and asked her, "What time is it?"

"I don't know," Lizzie is supposed to have answered. "I'll go ax Father."

Another sort of "last word" comes from the tombstones of executed criminals or murdered bad men. The cemeteries of western ghost towns are rich sources of interesting epitaphs. Some of these have been quoted so often that they have become well known. Such a one is said to have been composed for the tombstone of Charles Storms, a noted gunman, who was too slow on the draw and so died from a blullet sent by Luke Short, also of quick-draw fame:

He had sand in his craw,
He was slow on the draw,
So we laid him out under the daisies.

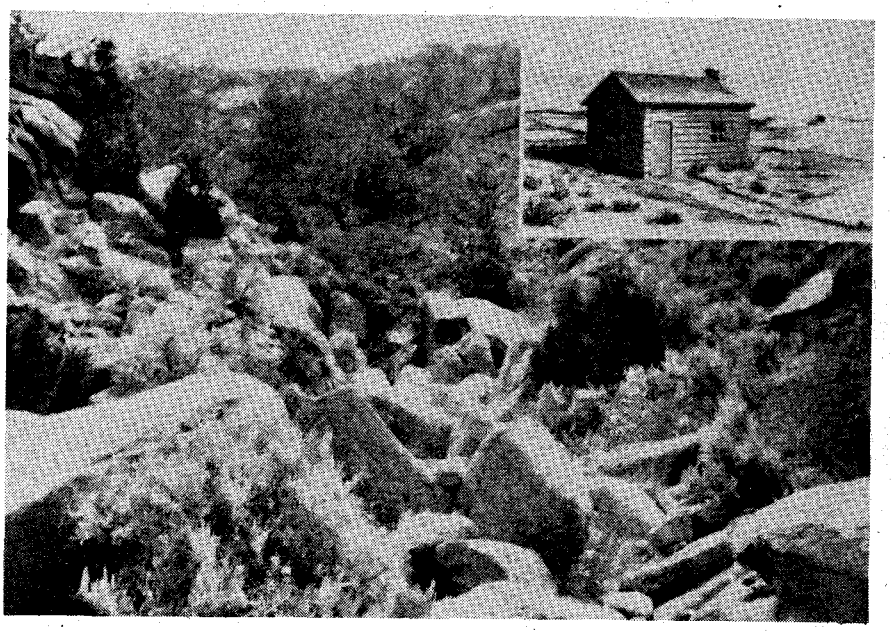
Another epitaph that is so succinct that it is worth quoting is on the tombstone which Belle Starr's daughter, Pearl, erected over her mother's grave:

Shed not for her, the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret,
'Tis but the casket that lies here,
The gem that fills it sparkles yet.

In the Montana State Capitol at Helena there is a plaque memorializing James Williams, who led the Vigilante group that wiped out the Plummer gang. It, too, is in verse:

(continued on next page)

Spring Canyon, where Cattle Kate "operated." Insert: the cabin she lived in as Ella Watson, her real name.



Archives, University of Wyoming

Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming

The isolated valley in Johnson County, Wyoming, with the Hole - in - the - Wall ranch house where the Wild Bunch and other desperadoes often took shelter.

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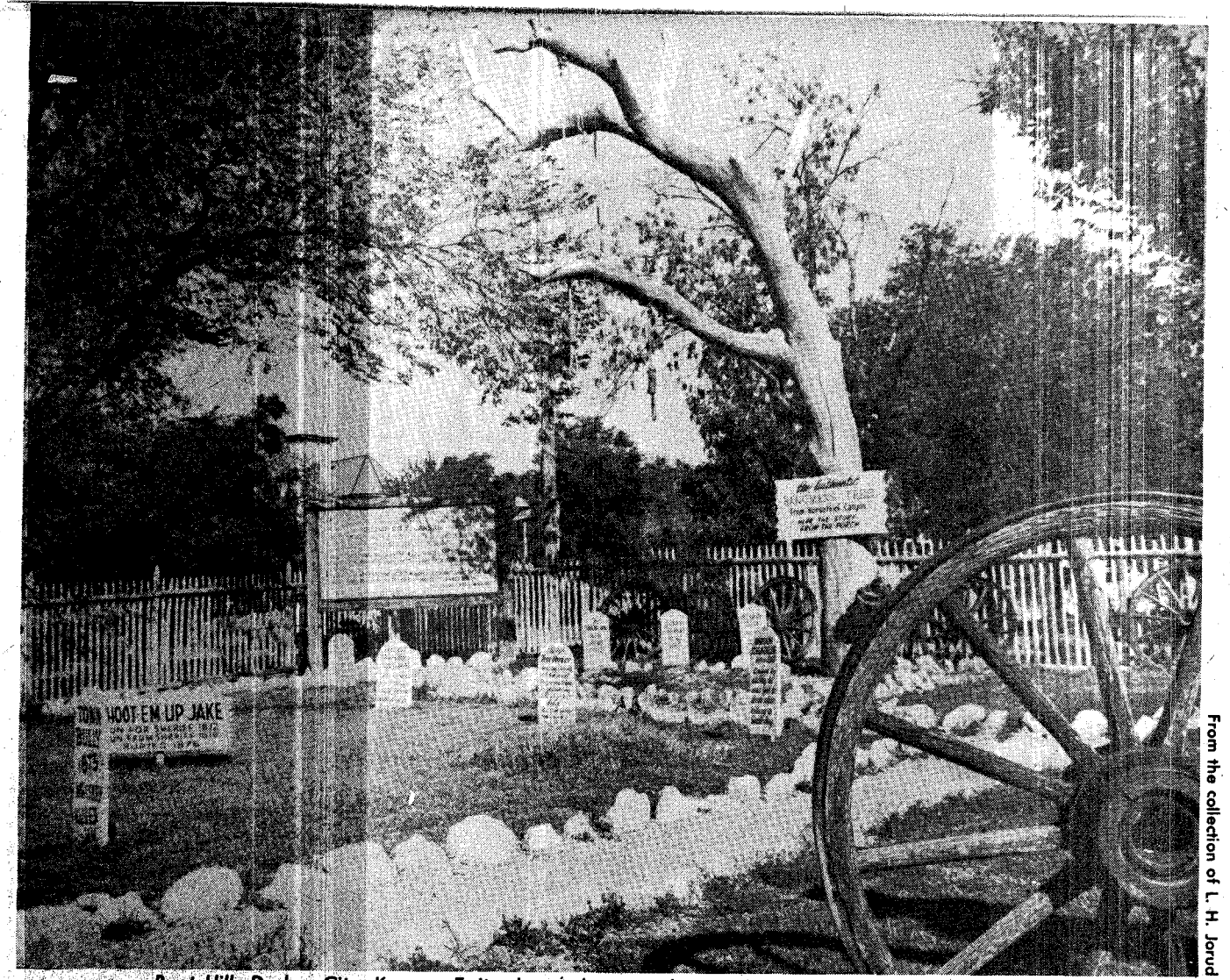

From the collection of L. H. Jorud

Boot Hill, Dodge City, Kansas. Epitaphs on these markers are so contrived that it requires a very credulous mind to accept them as authentic.

The sluice was left unguarded,
When Williams' work was done;
And trails were safe for honest men
Through the victories he had won.

Authentic reports of last words, epitaphs taken from actual tombstones, diaries and other informal records can give the searcher fascinating sidelights on the history of the West. But one must learn to distinguish between the real and the made-up. It takes a very naive person to swallow the epitaphs on the markers on Boot Hill in Dodge City, Kansas. But this place is run as a tourist attraction; it provides a giggle or two. However, it is in the old, neglected graveyards, the headstones falling from neglect, that one can discover truly enchanting epitaphs, not only of those who met sudden death, but of solid citizens who lived long and well. There is one caution for those who visit such cemeteries:

"Take nothing but pictures; leave nothing but footprints!" ●**RW**

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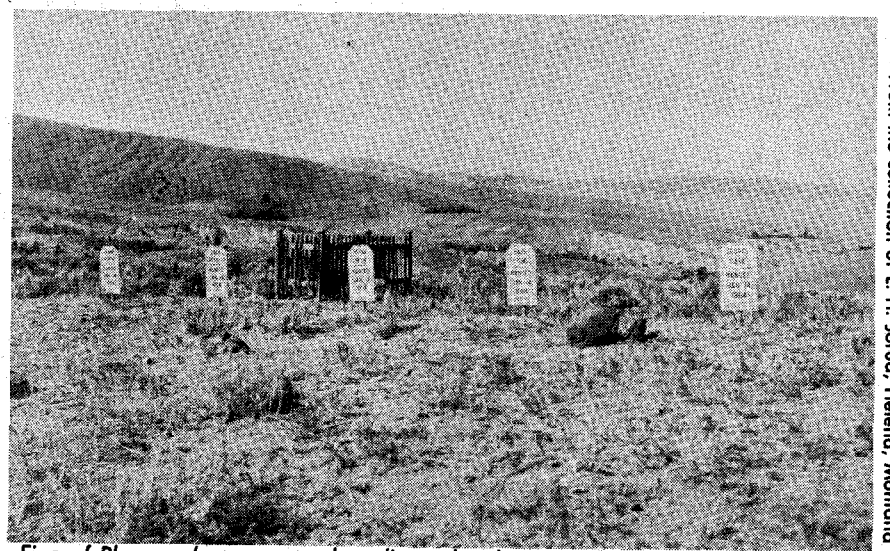

From the collection of L. H. Jorud, Helena, Montana

Five of Plummer's gang members lie under these markers at boot hill, Virginia City, Montana.

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What is the Worst Sign in the Zodiac?

BEWARE OF:

ARIES the Egomaniac.

TAURUS the Insensitive Bully.

GEMINI the Divine Discontent.

CANCER the Oedipal Complainer.

LEO the Prima Donna.

VIRGO the Censor.

LIBRA the Narcissist.

SCORPIO the Love-Obsessed Demoralizer

SAGITTARIUS the Don Juan.

CAPRICORN the Honor Seeker.

AQUARIUS the Fame Freak.

PISCES the Spiritual Panhandler.

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by Maria Elise Grummere

This is the first astrological guide to the *bad* side of your personality. God knows, you've had enough of the good side.

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"Miss Grummere calls a spade a spade, and a rat a rat."

You have plenty of negative traits and these have a definite influence on the outcome of your life. Read and learn about them before it's too late!

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MASSACRE

(continued from page 19)

from fright. As he reached the surface, a bullet ripped through his head, killing him instantly.

Tikas and a few others did what they could to succor the women and children. The rest of the defending miners scattered over the prairie to the east in an effort to draw the militia fire away from the tent colony. Hundreds of women and children cowered underground throughout the long terror-filled afternoon. Hens and chickens lay dead in the colony streets. Here and there was the crumpled body of a slaughtered victim of the massacre.

Shortly after 7:00 p.m., Lt. Linderfelt and a long line of militiamen rose from a protecting gully and charged the colony, yelling madly. As they reached the first tents, a soldier lit a torch and fired the dry canvas. Flames shot skyward. Gunmen followed the uniformed guardsmen into the edge of the colony. Torches were applied to the rest of the tents as the looters ransacked them, carrying off any valuables they could find.

A triumphant yell went up from the attackers, but the screams of women and children filled the air. There were a few more scattered shots from the militia, as Louie Tikas was seized, hustled to the road, and a score of uniformed men surrounded him.

"Hang the damned red-necked Greek!" they shouted.

Two soldiers held Louie tightly by his arms. Lt. Linderfelt strode up and looked Louie full in the face. "You god-damned lousy red-neck."

Tikas, his face ashen gray, stared back for a moment and tried to reply, but the words never got past his lips. Linderfelt seized a Springfield rifle from a militiaman, swung it over his head, and brought it crashing down on Tikas. The startled soldiers stepped back, releasing Louie's arm. The Greek cried out and threw one arm up to halt the blow. His arm cracked as the heavy rifle struck his head again.

Louis fought to keep his feet. "Linderfelt ... Linderfelt ...," he muttered drunkenly.

Linderfelt only stared at the reeling man. Tikas staggered blindly for a few feet, then he pitched forward and was still as three rifle shots sent three steel-jacketed slugs into his back. A militiaman kicked at the dead body and rifled Louie's pockets.

Lt. Linderfelt tossed the rifle aside and spat on the ground.

The Ludlow Massacre was finally over.

Thirteen women and children, charred almost beyond recognition, were lifted from one cellar beneath the smoking ruins of a tent home. Among the known dead were: Tikas, Fyler, John Bartoloti, Frank Rubino, Charles Costa, James Costa, Mrs. Dedilano Costa and her children (Onafrio, 6 and Lucky, 4), Patricia Valdez and her four children (Elvira, 3 months old, Eulala, 8, Mary, 7 and Rudolph, 9), Gloria Pedrogone, 4, Roderlo Pedrogone, 6, and the three children of Mrs. Mary Petrucci (Frank, 6 months, Lucy 3, and Joe,4). There were other dead to be counted such as little Frank Snyder, and Primo Larese, 18, who was killed by an explosive bullet as he hiked along the highway toward Ludlow.

The attackers admitted to three dead — Steve Donovan, Carl Johnson, and Fred Dougherty — all guards employed by the mining company. When the United Mine Workers called off the strike in the spring of 1915, the Rockefellers were badly battered. Public sentiment was against them, so they sent word from their New York offices that there must be no more labor trouble on any Rockefeller property. The mandate was rigidly enforced. Even Jeff Farr was thrown out of office and a new sheriff appointed. Linderfelt was court-martialled but acquitted, as were ten enlisted men in the Colorado militia.

The record shows the strike was lost, yet it was won. ●**RW**

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State Historical Society of Colorado.

Mother Jones leading the parade in Trinidad, 1913, which was the part of the Ludlow strike activities.

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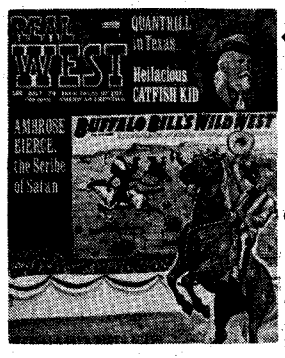
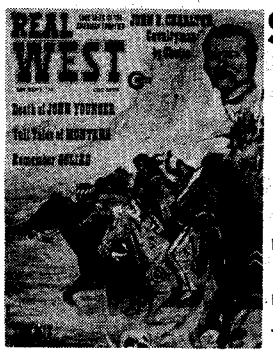


JULY 74

QUANTRILL in Texas
Hellacious CATFISH KID
BUFFALO BILL RIDES AGAIN
AMBROSE PIERCE, the Scribe of Satan.

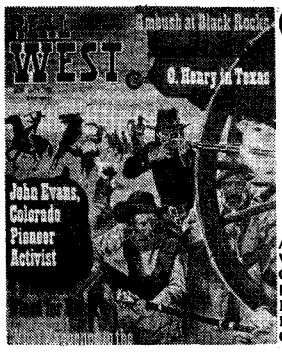
AUG 74

The WOODSTOCK DISASTER
A Man For Breakfast
Greatest Indian Fighter... LEW WETZEL
COWBOY BURL
RED RIVER VALLEY



SEPT 74

Death of JOHN YOUNGER
Tall Tales of MONTANA
Remember GOLIAD
JOHN B. CHARLTON, Cavalryman by Choice.

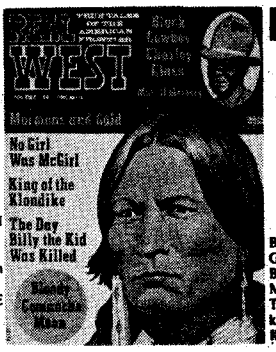


OCT 74

Ambush at BLACK ROCKS
What happened to the 7th CAVALRY at the LITTLE BIG HORN
I will have BLOOD FOR BLOOD
O. HENRY IN TEXAS

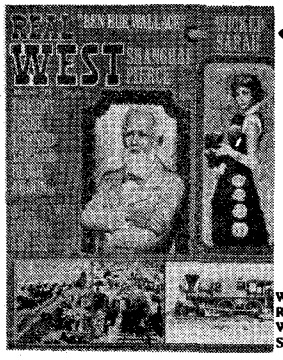
NOV 74

The PRESIDENT who WON the WEST
A man called BAT
RUBE BURROW train robber
DELLA BARE, HEROINE of Surprise Valley.



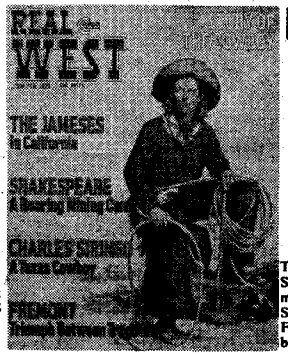
DEC 74

Black cowboy CHARLEY GLASS
Bloody COMANCHE MOON
The day BILLY the KID was killed
KING of the KLONDIKE



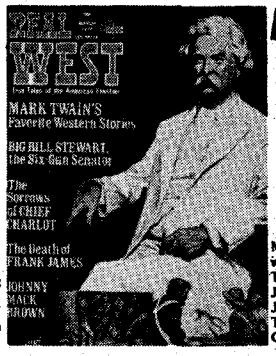
JAN 75

WILL JAMES, cowboy artist
RAILS across the SIERRAS
Wicked SARAH
SHANGHAI PIERCE



FEB 75

The JAMESES in California
SHAKESPEARE, a roaring mining camp
STORY OF THE COWBOY
FREMONT, triumph between tragedies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Did you know that—right now—there is an ordinary vegetable, stored and forgotten in most kitchens, that is said to relieve many of the diseases of aging? According to one authority . . .

In the forests of Siberia, where it grows wild . . . the aged . . . the paralyzed . . . the sick . . . come on pilgrimages to eat of this wild vegetable and are relieved of their ills—rejuvenated and healed! He adds . . .

In Russia and Poland, among those who eat it, cancer is unknown and life averages over a century! Yet this amazing substance is available everywhere—for pennies!

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS REVEALED

You'll discover this food, and how to use it, on page 107 of an amazing book by Dr. Joseph M. Kadans—a *breakthrough book* that shows how certain common foods—called miracle healing foods by one authority—when used in a special way, can actually strike back at certain illnesses!

You'll find out how certain fruits, nuts, vegetables and seeds are said to:

Relieve painful backache, stiff, aching muscles and joints!

Ward off influenza, asthma, bronchitis, infections; protect you from colds, coughs, and respiratory ailments!

Relieve gas, ulcers, colitis; helps restore regularity!

Help heal stomach and liver disorders; help relieve kidney, bladder, and gall bladder problems; strengthen the heart!

Relieve such problems as baldness, boils, dandruff, eczema, pimples, and more!

Help relieve headaches, high blood pressure; help improve circulation; relieve hemorrhoids; wash away fatigue!

Help melt away extra pounds—and much more!

120-YEAR-OLD MAN CLAIMS: SIGHT AND HEARING RESTORED!

On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book . . .

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful . . . a film gathered over them. My hearing . . . quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put drops of oil into the ears . . . In a very short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES! When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub to his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica,* another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

> "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing *seed,* which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the *fruit* of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." (**Genesis 1:29**)

HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, *only four cases* of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

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For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to *STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR . . .* and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against *indigestion . . . . . gas . . . heartburn . . . sour stomach.* Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated *painful hemorrhoids* with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

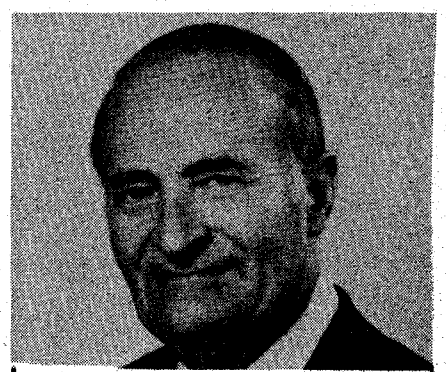
A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, *at the age of 20,* to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

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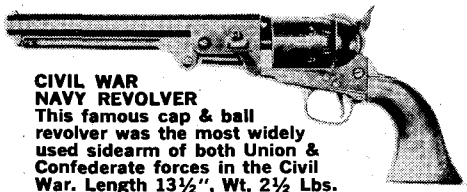

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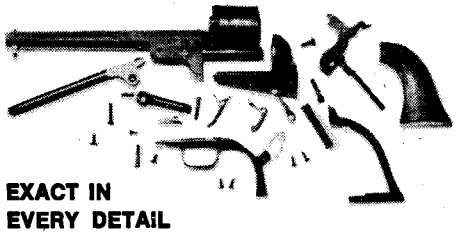

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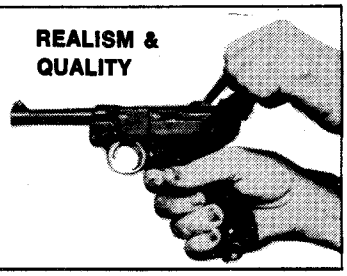

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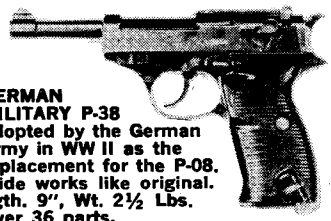

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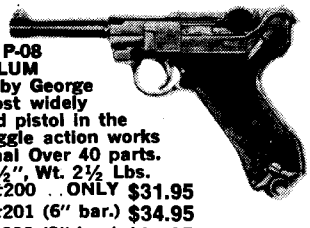

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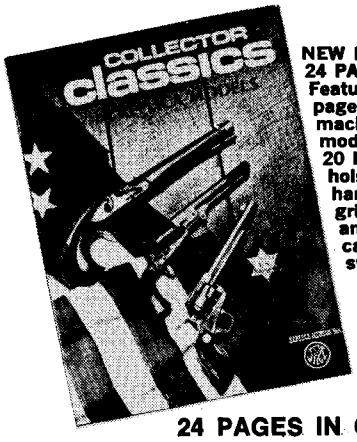

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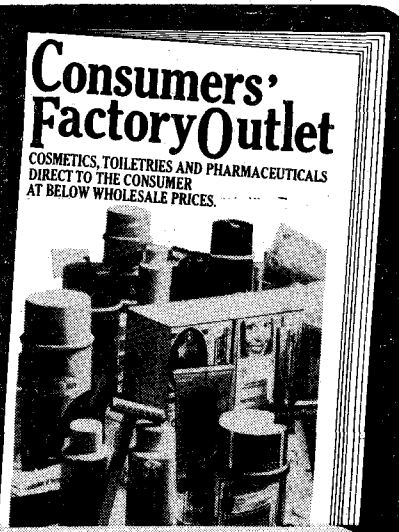
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Medic® Acne Cream	1.59	.89
Nasal Spray	1.35	.79
Fabergé® Straw Hat Spray Cologne	4.50	1.99
Contac®	1.95	1.14
Waterproof Mascara	2.50	1.09
Weather or Not™ Hair Spray	2.25	1.09
Herbal Protein Shampoo	2.50	1.29
Active™ Tooth Polish	1.09	.49
Eve Taylor™ Blushing Gel	2.00	.89
Balsam Protein Hair Conditioner	1.98	.99
Vitamin & Placenta Nite Cream	6.50	2.49
Edie Adams® Spray Perfume	7.50	3.50
Colgate® Instant Shave®	1.09	.59
Peel-Off Masque	4.50	1.99
Nail Factory™ Nail Polish	1.00	.40
Dr. West's® Toothbrush	.69	.39
Clairol® Born Blonde™	2.25	1.09

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